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WEEK ENDING JULY 11 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue

WHY I GAVE UP POKER

By

Heywood Broun

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE AMERICAN HOME

Early Americans built their houses after models with which they had been familiar in the old countries or as their skill, available building material, and climate permitted.

Two of the great discovering, conquering, and colonizing peoples, the English and the Spanish, got into regions not uncongenial to their home instincts.

This was more true of the English in tidewater Virginia than of the English in the rigors of New England climate. England is a land of estuaries.

It was even more true of the Spanish. They had been adapted at home for Mexico and southwestern America. They had recovered their land by fighting the infidels and they carried that zeal into the new country. They knew mountains, plains, and sandy wastes at home; how to campaign in them and build and live in them.

As the colonists became well-to-do or wealthy and able to gratify their tastes they built homes of distinction and they naturally modified their inherited models to conform to peculiarities of climate and mode of life.

American domestic architecture has a source to which it can go for inspiration if the people were wise enough to do so. Variations of climate and soil guided the founders of American homes. Nearly every region in the United States has a tradition of architecture. The colonial style of New England and of Virginia both responded to the climate. The Spanish in southern California were permitted by climate to continue their modifications of a Roman derivative. The Romans were an out-of-door people whose town houses even in such smaller places as Pompeii were on narrow streets, the equivalents of our alleys. The house walls gave them privacy. The inner court with its gardens gave them the sun and open air.

The English and French in South Carolina developed a type of architecture distinct and different from that of the Virginia tidewater and of New England bleakness. Some of the old farmhouses in the coves and on the slopes of the southern Appalachians with their conformity to use and climate, their grace of line, and their dignity in their surroundings rebuke the ugliness of the prosperous new subdivisions where well-to-do townspeople are pushing out into the beauty of the country.

American business architecture after years of experiment has found itself. The intelligence of the world now recognizes that the American work in steel and stone which recent years have given to the great American cities is an art fitly succeeding to that of the medieval cathedral builder.

But in the equally important work of giving the United States distinction, dignity, and beauty in homes the effort has mostly missed the mark. People put the French chateau in American valleys and the Spanish mission house on American hills or in the woods. They build conventional boxes or they take a type without thought of its surroundings.

The realtor says a Dutch colonial will sell and a Dutch colonial goes up.

Many of our millionaires have hobbies and enthusiasm. Mr. Ford once was interested in birds, Mr. Carnegie in libraries, Mr. Rockefeller in colleges, missions, laboratories, the hookworm, etc.

It could be wished that one would become interested in American domestic architecture and provide the money for a complete survey of original American home building, region by region, and section by section.

That would produce a work of historical interest and a guide for intelligent and beautiful building with its roots in rich American traditions. It would help in the creation of the distinctive American nationality. The home would belong to the soil.

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Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Fannie Hurst on the American Husband

A LIVELY, humorous, and penetrating discourse, by one of the foremost American novelists, on the character known to fame and the song writers as "dear old Dad." Miss Hurst finds him one of the foundations of our national solidarity.

Schultz Photo
James O'Donnell Bennett

James O'Donnell Bennett has been investigating the workings of Indiana's new State law which forbids nearly everything. He tells an amazing tale in an article quaintly entitled *In the Kingdom of Yewkant.*

Leonard H. Nason contributes a captivating yarn, *The Reward of Valor*, about a bottle with a kick in it that brought two doughboys the Croix de Guerre. *Charles Hanson Towne* writes instructively of *This Business of Being a Bachelor*, and *Hugh Fullerton* reveals some surprising facts about *Golf Gambling.*

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James H. Hare Photo

The Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship, photographed upon her return to New York after the "German incident" at Manila Bay in 1898, when a German admiral threatened the American forces, and the British intervened.

James H. Hare Photo

T. R. and Admiral Dewey on the Mayflower at Oyster Bay in 1903. Left to right, standing: Sir Thomas Lipton, Admiral Dewey, Oliver Iselin, General Chaffee; seated: Secretary of the Navy Moody, Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt.

OLD TRAILS

A Chronicle of Hidden History

By

O. K. DAVIS

I.—Dewey and the Germans; the Kaiser and T. R.—the Inside Story of How Two International Crises Were Averted

FEW men have seen as much American history in the making as O. K. Davis, famous journalist and author. As a correspondent of various great dailies he came into close contact with such men as former Presidents Roosevelt and Taft. He was a special correspondent at Manila during the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection; served as secretary of the Progressive National Committee in 1912, and directed the activities of the Progressive Party's publicity department.

As a friend of Roosevelt he had exceptional opportunities for studying T. R., and in the present article he gives, verbatim, many of the Colonel's downright opinions, some of them, up to now, never before revealed in print.

The following is the first of two articles by Mr. Davis, in which he touches on certain "high spots" in his wide experience and resurrects some of his more vivid memories.

THE "German incident" in Manila Bay, during the Spanish-American War, is a story in itself. Admiral von Diederichs and his men had violated the international proprieties repeatedly. Among other things which were interpreted as insolences, they had sent a squadron of observation to Manila Bay that was stronger, in some respects, than Dewey's blockading fleet.

The Germans played fast and loose with Dewey's blockade regulations; particularly with the one prohibiting any movement of boats on the bay after dark. Admiral von Diederichs' ships were frequently moved out to Mariveles Bay or elsewhere, and there were constant reports to Dewey that the Germans were in regular communication with the Spaniards in Manila.

When the German cruiser Irene halted the Filipinas—a Filipino vessel—because she was flying the Filipino flag, by agreement with Admiral Dewey, the lid very nearly blew off. It looked very much as if things were coming to a head, and no one was at all sure that we should not be at war with the Germans very soon.

At length, when a boat came from the German flagship to the Olympia, the American flagship, it had Von Diederichs' flag lieutenant, Hintze, aboard, with a message from the German Admiral to Admiral Dewey.

Dewey was in his usual place on the quarter deck of the Olympia. Lieutenant Strite had the deck watch. The wardroom skylights, which gave onto the quarter deck, were opened, and in the wardroom several officers were sitting, some writing and some in conversation. Strite convoyed Hintze back to the Admiral and returned to his post on the superstructure. He had hardly got there when he heard Dewey

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 5]

say to the German:

"I want you to tell your Admiral that I want to know whether his country and mine are at peace or at war. If they are at war, the way to make war is to clear ship and go into action. If they are at peace, I want him to stop breaking my blockade regulations."

Hintze saluted and left. The men in the wardroom had heard what the Admiral said, and there was hardly one of them who would have risked two cents on the prospect for peace. But the next day and the next there was no sign from the Germans.

WHILE that situation was on I called on Admiral Dewey one afternoon and found him on the quarter deck of the Olympia, scanning the entrance to Manila Bay. Two monitors, the Monadnock and the Monterey, had been ordered out to reinforce Dewey, and the first of them was about due. It was not difficult to guess that the Admiral was anxiously looking for her.

When opportunity offered, I asked the Admiral if he was going to move on Manila soon. In reply he swept his right arm toward the German warships anchored in front of the city, and said:

"Suppose I were to say to those fellows over there that I wanted that water, as I was going to move on the city. And suppose they were to reply that they would not permit me to bombard the city. I should have to say, 'I'll sink you first and then I'll take the city'; and I want the monitors here when I talk like that."

Thus the evidence accumulated that the German incident was really a serious matter.

A morning or two later I called again on Admiral Dewey. He was sitting on the quarter deck with Captain Coghlan, of the Raleigh. Coghlan was on Dewey's right and a vacant chair was on his left. As I came up he motioned to me to take that chair, then turned and went on with his conversation with Coghlan. It continued, uninterrupted, for about fifteen minutes, and had to do entirely with the disposition and handling of the American ships if we should fight the Germans.

Then, one morning, I got word from the Olympia that the demand for the surrender of Manila was about to be made. I had already secured permission from the Admiral to be on board the gunboat Concord when the move on the city took place, and as soon as I got this word from the flagship I went aboard the Concord.

Notice was served on the foreign squadrons of observation that the attack on Manila would be made on Thursday, August 11. They at once got under way, so as to let the Americans have free use of the water they had been occupying, right in front of the entrance to the Pasig River.

Presently a thing occurred which raised a big cheer from our fleet. The British squadron and a Japanese cruiser came right across the bay to Cavite and asked permission from Dewey to anchor there. The Germans, Austrian, Frenchman, and Russian went out toward Mariveles Bay. The British squadron was commanded by Captain Chichester. His flagship was the cruiser Iphigenia, and he had three or four small gunboats.

Dewey's negotiations with the Spanish captain-general, Jaudenes, had proceeded so successfully that Dewey was confident there would be no real action and that a little demonstration of force was all that would be necessary.

Early on the morning of August 13 we got word on the Concord that that was to be the day. No word had reached Manila Bay of the doings in Cuba, and we had no hint that the war was really over. We thought we were going to help end it that day.

ACROSS at Cavite we saw the other ships of the squadron get under way, with the Raleigh in the lead. The flag hoist went up on the Olympia, the battle flags were broken out, and over the bay rang the cheer of the American sailormen—that nerve-tingling cheer which booms out only when they get into action.

Then the Raleigh opened fire with her forward eight-inch gun. Straining through the glasses, we on the Concord saw the shell go high above the old fort, sail clear across the southern suburbs of Manila, and fall far away in the Morong hills. Afterward we learned that Captain Coghlan himself had given the range as seven thousand yards, and when Lieutenant Casey Morgan, who was in charge of the forward eight-inch gun, protested that it didn't look half that, Coghlan replied:

"Never mind what it looks. I am giving the ranges."

It was part of the play agreed on between Dewey and Jaudenes, by which lives of attackers and defenders were to be saved. But Riley, the gun pointer of the after five-inch gun, in the port battery of the Raleigh, was the best shot in the fleet.

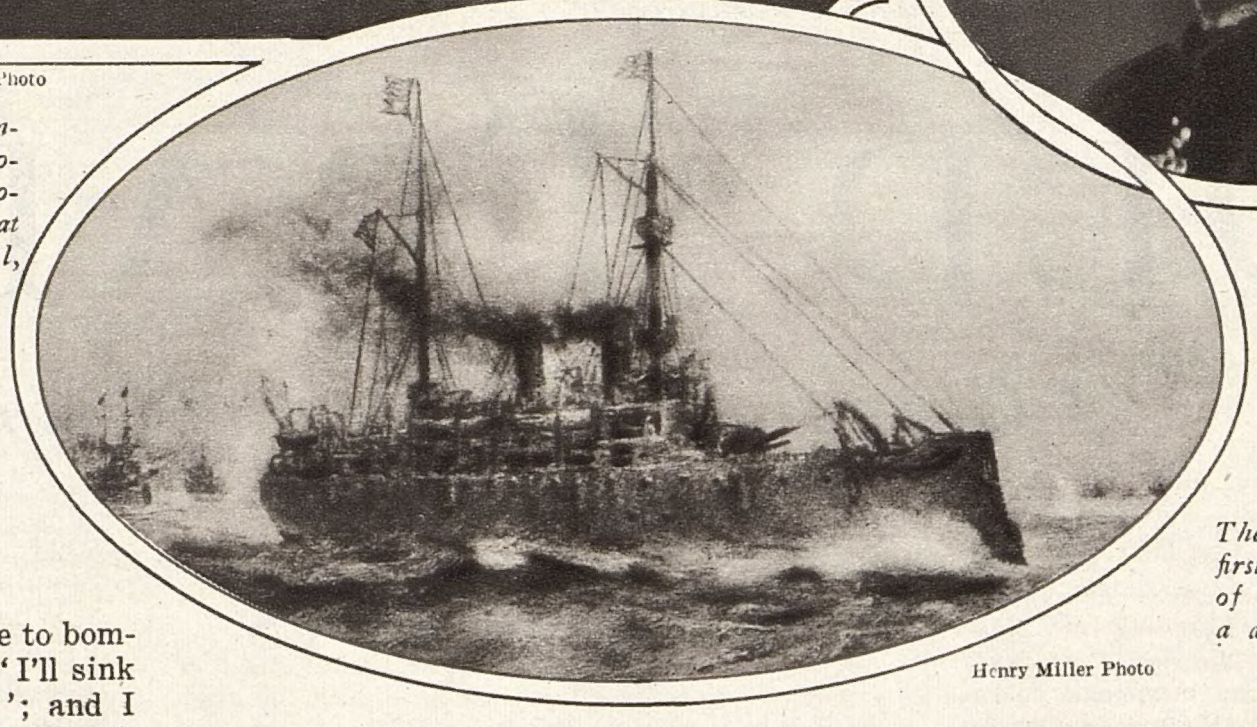
"Seven thousand hells!" he exclaimed when he heard the range from the bridge. He dropped his sight bar to twenty seven hundred

James H. Hare Photo

A hitherto unpublished photograph of Theodore Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill, in the library where O. K. Davis interviewed him.

T. H. Voight Photo

"That Jack of an Emperor"—as he looked when Roosevelt met him.



Henry Miller Photo

The Olympia firing the first shot at the Battle of Manila Bay—from a drawing made during the action.

yards and fired over. In two more shots he found the fort, and the port battery knew the range. Thereupon Coghlan saw that his gunners could get a range for themselves, regardless of official play-acting. So he sounded "Cease firing" and took the Raleigh out of action.

Our fellows on the Concord had hardly stopped cheering over the opening of the action when someone called, "Look there!" and pointed down toward the entrance to the bay. Three German warships were coming up from Mariveles, with the big Kaiserin Augusta in the lead. Instantly all eyes on the Concord were focused on them, for they were headed right for us, and we began to wonder what was going to happen.

Vice Admiral von Diederichs, commander of the German warships at Manila Bay in 1898.

They did not leave us long in doubt, but came straight on, until they were less than half a mile away, and then straightened out in line, abreast of us. Thereafter, as we stood off and on, over our course, the three Germans followed suit, keeping the same distance away, but apparently watching every move we made.

They had made about one turn when we suddenly observed a new movement over Cavite way. The British were getting under weigh. For a few moments we watched them with absorbed interest, and then, as we saw the big Iphigenia, followed by two of the British gunboats, swing, and head over toward us—great Lord, how our fellows cheered! Straight toward us came the three British ships, and it seemed to us that, although they had not broken out the huge number one ensigns which are the sign and proclamation of battle purpose, they were flying flags considerably larger than the little fellows usually shown in such weather.

As they came on we caught the strains of music from the flagship, and knew that her band was in action if her guns were not. Presently we got the tune. It was a Sousa march which carried two or three bars of The Star-Spangled Banner. They couldn't play our national anthem, for that would have been a violation of neutrality. But they did the next best thing, and I warrant those British band men can still hear the American cheers that rewarded them. I know I can.

On came Chichester, right in between the Germans and the Concord, swung, and took position abreast of us. And there he stayed all day. From the moment he arrived there was never an instant when a German ship could have fired a shot at the Concord without crossing a British deck.

There the German incident at Manila Bay came to a bloodless end.

Paul Thompson Photo

Roosevelt and the Kaiser, photographed at the time of their visit in Germany after the Colonel's return from Africa.

IN January, 1899, a number of the officers who had served with Dewey in Manila Bay came home, on the expiration of their tours of sea duty. They sailed from Hongkong on the Coptic for San Francisco. Captain Chichester, with the Iphigenia, was then at Hongkong, and he came aboard the Coptic, the morning she left, to say good-by to Dewey's men.

Leaning against the rail of the liner, with a group of Dewey's officers around him, he told the following story of a call he had received from the German Admiral the day after Dewey sent a message by Hintze, Von Diederichs' flag lieutenant, demanding to know whether it was peace or war between Germany and America.

Von Diederichs had come aboard the Iphigenia and talked for a few minutes with Chichester about nothing in particular, and the big Englishman could not make out what the German wanted. But just as Von Diederichs rose to go he turned to Chichester and said:

"By the way, suppose the Americans were to serve notice on us that they intended to bombard the city——"

"Yes?" replied Chichester.

"And suppose we were to reply that we could not permit the bombardment of the city——"

"Yes?" said Chichester.

"What do you suppose would be likely to be the attitude of the British in that case?" asked Von Diederichs.

"Suppose you ask Admiral Dewey," replied the British captain.

"Ah, exactly," said Von Diederichs, and started for the gangway.

"And you know," said Chichester, telling the story, "the government gave me the C. M. G. for that," and he screwed up the whole side of his big red face in one prodigious wink.

Which may, or may not, but most probably does, explain why we at Cavite heard nothing from the Germans in those anxious days after that message from Dewey to Von Diederichs.

II.

IN the early part of 1908, William Bayard Hale, who was then on the staff of the New York *Sunday Times*, came to Washington and spent nearly a week with President Roosevelt in the executive offices. He saw and heard everything that went on there during that time. Doctor Hale wrote a four-page article about the Roosevelt way of conducting the nation's business which made a great hit.

The success of that article suggested to Mr. William C. Reick, who was, at that time, one of the owners of the *Times*, the idea of having Hale go to Germany to do something of the same kind about the Kaiser. There was a great deal of talk about Mr. Roosevelt being much like the Kaiser in a great many ways, and Mr. Reick thought that if Hale could succeed in getting such an article it would duplicate the hit made by the one about the President.

I had come back from the Democratic convention at Denver, and was preparing to go to Hot Springs, Virginia, to be with Mr. Taft during the first part of the campaign, when Hale's first report reached the office. It was in the shape of a short letter to Mr. Reick announcing that he had had an interview with the Kaiser and giving some details of the German Emperor's talk. It was obvious at a glance that nothing of that kind of talk could be printed in any responsible newspaper. It was so extremely provocative that it might easily lead to war between Germany and England.

Mr. Van Anda, the managing editor of the *Times*, thought that President Roosevelt should be informed at once of what the Kaiser had said to Hale, and Mr. Ochs and Mr. Reick agreed with him. So I was instructed to take Hale's letter down to the President, who was then at Sagamore Hill for the summer. I arranged an appointment by telephone and went out to Oyster Bay.

The letter from Hale was written at Bergen, Norway, and dated July 19. It said:

"After many tribulations and much very hard traveling by coasting steamers, I found the Hohenzollern [the Kaiser's yacht] here and was invited aboard last evening. The Emperor talked to me eagerly for nearly two

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hours. He is exceedingly bitter against England, and full of the yellow peril idea. Among the things he said were: 'England is a traitor to the white man's cause. She will lose her colonies through her treaty with Japan.'

"The invitation to our fleet [the American battleship fleet, which was then on a cruise around the world] to go to New Zealand and Australia was to serve notice on Britain that those colonies were with the white man and not with a renegade mother country. To his positive knowledge Japan is fomenting insurrection in India. It will break out in about six months.

"The solution of the Eastern question is about to be made by Germany and the United States. It has been agreed between himself and Mr. Roosevelt to divide the East against itself by becoming the recognized friends of China. In a few months a high Chinese official will visit the United States and Germany and the terms will be made known. They will guarantee the integrity of China and the Open Door.

"The world now realizes that Russia was fighting the white man's fight—fighting it miserably. Pity *his* battalions could not have had a chance at the Japanese. If Japan be suffered to get control of China, Europe will suffer attack first. He is keeping friends with the Mohammedan world, yes, he is supplying them with rifles—because they are devils in a fight and stand between the East and West, where they can break the first force of attack. Japan and America will fight within ten years.

"Germany is expecting to fight England, and, in my [Hale's] judgment, the Emperor does not care how quickly. He poured a stream of insult upon the English for two hours. He is bitter against the Catholics."

Doctor Hale fully understood, of course, the highly provocative and dangerous character of this interview and that any publication of it would be simply setting a match to powder. He gave merely the foregoing outline of it to Mr. Reick, and spent most of the night setting down notes of all the Kaiser had said. It was as important to have a full record of the Kaiser's conversation as it was not to publish it.

IMMEDIATELY upon mailing his preliminary report to Mr. Reick, as quoted, Hale set out for Berlin to consult with the German Foreign Office. There he met the same man who was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs when the Great War came on, Baron von dem Busche-Haddenhausen, who had been counsellor of the German Embassy at Washington for several years and was supposed to be well acquainted with America and American affairs.

It was through Baron Busche that Doctor Hale's interview with the Kaiser had been arranged, but neither of them expected the Emperor to explode a powder magazine as he had done. Writing to Mr. Reick from Berlin on July 24, Doctor Hale said:

"The officials absolutely forbid any publication regarding the audience with the Emperor. They are, in fact, horror stricken at the idea of what he said to me being repeated, even in private, and declare that the worst results would follow. Doctor Hill [David Jayne Hill, then United States Ambassador at Berlin], to whom I have given a full account of the audience, is of my opinion that the Emperor was perfectly willing to be quoted, but thinks that it would be unwise to repeat his words.

"Baron Busche confirms what his majesty said with regard to the arrangements progressing between the Emperor and the President with regard to China. Tang-Shao-Yi, the Chinaman now on his way to Washington, is really on that mission. But Busche declares the treaty would be made impossible, and the largest possible plans upset, by any hint of all this to the *Times*."

I took these two letters to the President on the morning of August 7. Mr. Roosevelt received me in his library at Sagamore Hill, and I at once gave the letters to him, with the remark that the editors of the *Times* thought he ought to see them.

Mr. Roosevelt sat down at his desk and opened the letters. He had hardly more than glanced at the first one when he jumped out of his chair and strode toward me, waving the letter in front of him and exclaiming:

"You must not print this!"

"We have no intention of printing it, Mr. President," I replied. "I have brought the letters to you merely for your information, because the editors of the *Times* thought they would interest you and felt that you ought to see them."

That at once satisfied the President. He sat down at his desk again and finished reading the letters. When the reading was ended he turned to me and began to talk, first about their contents, then about the Kaiser, and finally about the Emperor and himself.

FOLLOWING is an exact copy of my notes of the President's talk:

"This is the funniest thing I have ever known. That Jack of an Emperor talks just as if what he happens to want is already an accomplished fact. He has been at me for over a year to make this kind of an agreement about China, but every time I have replied, 'That means a treaty, to which the Senate must consent.'

"It is true the invitation to the fleet to go to New Zealand and Australia was to show England—I cannot say a 'renegade mother country'—that those colonies are white men's country; and that is why the fleet was sent there. This is the first time I have ever heard the name of Tang-Shao-Yi. For at least nine months he—that Jack—has been telling me that a distinguished Chinese official was 'on his way' to this country and Germany to settle affairs; but he has never come. I do not know whether this is the man or not, or whether he is really on his way or not. But the policy [the integrity of China and the Open Door], as I have always told the Emperor, is ours. It has been our policy for seven or eight years, ever since Hay first enunciated it.

"I can't believe he talked for publication. He is, of course, very jumpy and nervous, very jumpy, and often does things which seem jumpy. But people say that about me, whereas I never act except upon the most careful deliberation. Then, too, I seem particularly susceptible to being misinterpreted or misunderstood, and when that happens, and the thing doesn't come out as was expected, people are likely to say I have changed my mind, when I haven't changed it at all, but only others have been mistaken.

"They say the Emperor and I are alike and have a great admiration for each other on that account. I do admire him, very much as I do a grizzly bear. For years he has been profuse in his expressions of admiration for me.

"It goes back to the time when I warned him I would fight. I never make a bluff, either in public or in private life. I never bluff in politics. When he was going into Venezuela, several years ago, the question with me was what to do about it. I didn't want to repeat Cleveland's bluff, which would be bound to have a bad effect. So I told the Ambassador [Baron von Holleben] that if he took any customs houses there I should have to take them back. He backed up then, and the trouble was settled without any difficulty. Ever since then he has been profuse in his expressions toward me.

"There will be no war with Japan just as long as we keep our navy built up. It is not necessary for the fleet to stay in the Pacific. It must be brought back to be kept efficient. I can delay matters in negotiation long enough to get the fleet back there if it becomes necessary."

Those are my notes of the interview, exactly as they were written on August 7, 1908. When I showed them to Mr. Roosevelt in 1917 he suggested, with regard to the last sentence, that he had probably said "matters can always be delayed in negotiation," instead of "I can always delay matters in negotiation." He thought he had probably used that phraseology because, at the time of the interview, he was nearing the end of his Presidency, and there was no indication that there would be negotiations of any kind with Japan. Therefore, in speaking of the possibility of delay in negotiation, he was referring to what might occur in a subsequent administration.

When Mr. Roosevelt talked to me that August morning in 1908 he had never met the Kaiser, whom he discussed so freely and likened to a grizzly bear. A little less than two years later, however, when he was on his way home from his hunting trip in Africa, he was the guest of the Emperor, who had some special army maneuvers conducted for him.

During the 1912 campaign I saw Mr. Roosevelt several times at Sagamore Hill, and on one of those occasions he discussed, with great frankness, a number of events of his return from Africa and gave his impressions of several different monarchs whom he had visited. His talk then about the Kaiser was of particular interest to me because of that previous talk when I had taken the Hale letters to him.

MR. ROOSEVELT was "a full man." Whatever anyone may think about his politics or political actions, no one will deny that he was a man of extraordinary cultivation, with distinguished attainment in numerous different lines. He was a highly competent judge, therefore, of the cultivation of other men. He was aware of the many claims to attainment, in different lines, put forward on behalf of the Kaiser.

The Emperor was reputed to be an artist of no mean ability; a musician of exceptional talent; a writer of unusual skill. He was said to be a great diplomatist; a qualified historian; remarkably well versed in the literature and poetry of half a dozen languages, and not a bad poet himself.

It was a comment on the justification for this many-sided reputation of the Kaiser that I sought from Mr. Roosevelt, and this was his reply:

"I tried him with everything I knew, but the only subject on which I could strike fire was war. He knows military history and technique. He knows armies, and that is all. I couldn't get a spark from him on anything else."

That was Theodore Roosevelt's final judgment of Emperor William II. It was the opinion of a man thoroughly qualified to make the test and highly competent to form a judgment. How amply events have borne it out!

What was T. R.'s honest opinion of himself? In a second article, to appear in an early issue, Mr. Davis gives, verbatim, Roosevelt's self-estimate. You'll find, too, inside information about the Roosevelt-Taft feud and the Colonel's dramatic role at the Republican convention of 1912.

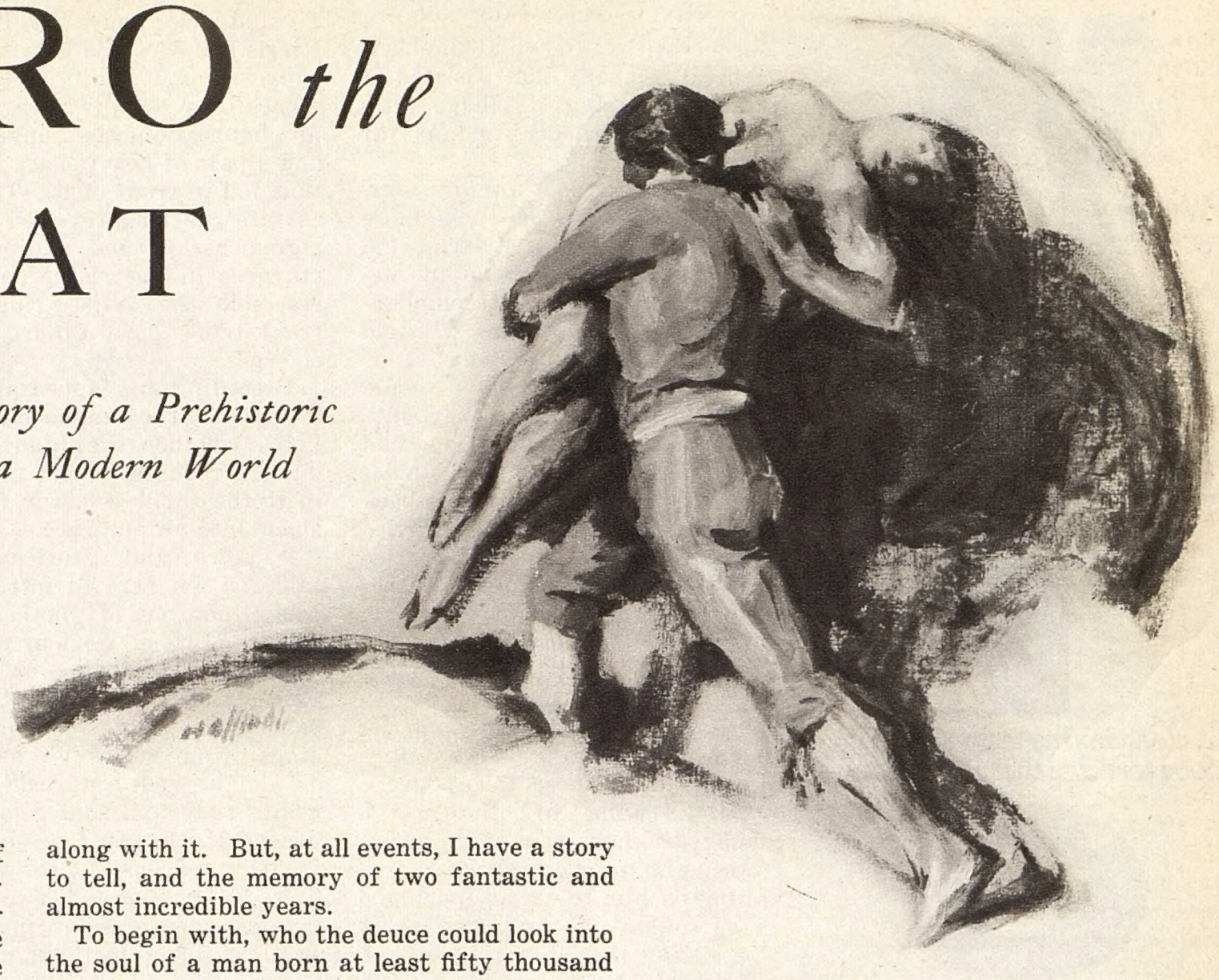
LINDRO *the* GREAT

The Curious Love Story of a Prehistoric Man Who Lived in a Modern World

By

Ben Hecht

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN



IT IS very possible you have never heard of the Great Lindro. But it is even more possible that you have heard of him and forgotten him. Yesteryear's celebrities are a vague and confusing crew. The waiting-rooms of the vaudeville booking offices are full of them. I will spare you any further sentimental generalizations on the subject, and tell you the story of Lindro, his sensational rise, and his grotesque collapse, for what it is worth. And you can do your own generalizing.

Lindro was in his day, which was not so long ago, the greatest Strong Man the world had ever seen. I managed this childish-souled brute for two years, managed him (you will pardon my boasting) in a manner that brought him fame and wealth and rescued me from the monotonous poverty which clings to the lives of unwise and egotistical young men who fancy they can live by the writing of poetry.

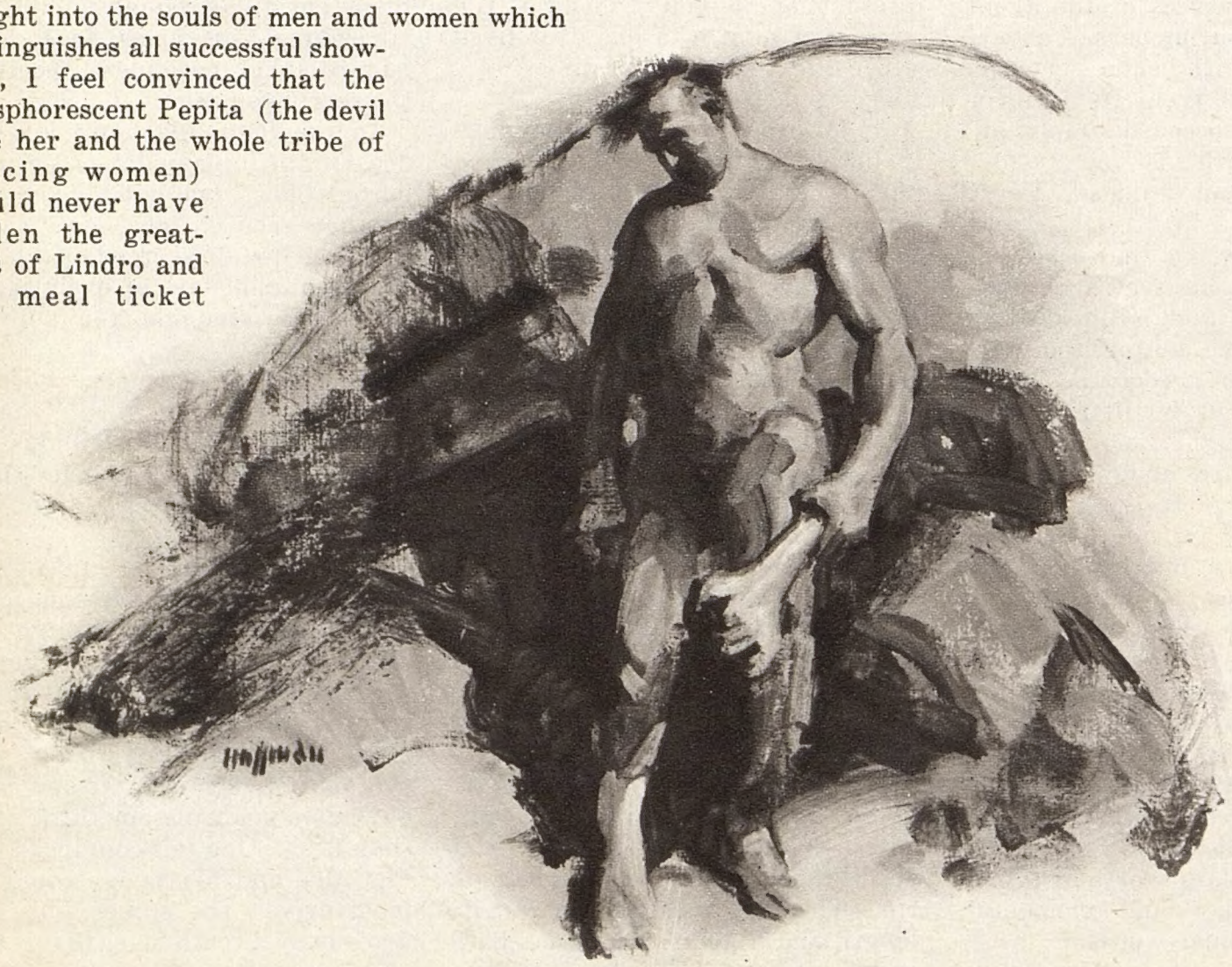
Had I been a psychologist, with the shrewd insight into the souls of men and women which distinguishes all successful showmen, I feel convinced that the phosphorescent Pepita (the devil take her and the whole tribe of dancing women) would never have stolen the greatness of Lindro and my meal ticket along with it. But, at all events, I have a story to tell, and the memory of two fantastic and almost incredible years.

To begin with, who the deuce could look into the soul of a man born at least fifty thousand years out of his time? As for looking into the soul of Pepita, the devil alone might have been equal to the job. So much for psychology.

I encountered Lindro about four years ago. He was sitting on a bench in Central Park—a melancholy and dejected colossus with a face you will find nowhere outside the prehistoric exhibits in the Museum of Natural History.

I must have stood staring at him for fifteen minutes before he noticed me. Had I encountered a glyptodon or a saurian crocodile, I doubt whether the thing would have startled me more.

For this creature on the park bench was as arresting a phenomenon as one could ever find, even on a park bench. A slanting browed, beady-eyed monster, he neither towered nor loomed, but sat crushed and bulging, as lifeless as a great bag of meal. His huge, almost unreal, hands lay at his sides, as if they did not belong to him. His massive chest rose and fell in great, slow breaths like a thing floundering out of its element.



My imagination seized on the figure of this man.

"A troglodyte," I murmured to myself, "if there ever was one! A geologic specimen!"

He raised his head and stared back at me. The sorrow in the man's face was overwhelming. I smiled and moved casually toward him. He made room on the bench beside him and, as I sat down, continued to stare sightlessly, dejectedly at the road. The beginnings of our friendship are lost in my mind. I recall that I had been talking for some ten minutes—God knows what about—when the giant turned to me, and muttered in a child's voice:

"I want eat."

A HALF hour later when we had arrived at my room Lindro had given me an outline of his troubles. He spoke a scant and broken English, but his story was simple enough almost for pantomime. He was a Finn and had arrived in New York two months before. He had started the trip with a companion, a sort of unofficial impresario, who had caught pneumonia in Rotterdam and died before the boat sailed.

Lindro had come on alone to America. His money had kept him going until a day before I encountered him. Consumed with hunger—I was to find out soon how enormous this appetite was—he had wandered around, as bewildered after two months as he had been the day he landed. And he was sitting in a daze of misery when he saw me.

But the more interesting phase of his story came when he reluctantly confided his past to me. He had been, as a youth, a wrestler and had later, under the direction of his dead friend, branched out as a Strong Man, touring

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you – doctors and dentists affirm this.

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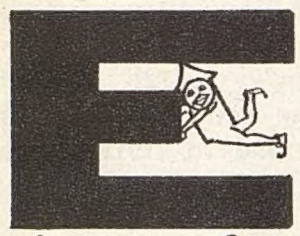
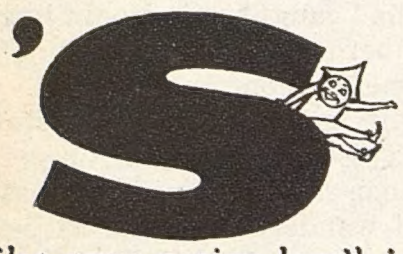


Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.



Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

F 39

"after every meal" – the flavor lasts!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

Europe with a down-at-the-heels carnival company that assisted at the merrymaking of village fairs in Russia, Germany, and as far west as France.

Revived by food, Lindro grew garrulous—that is, he spoke more than five words at a stretch—and began to boast in a naive and dejected manner of his accomplishments as a Strong Man. He told me that he could support four horses on his chest, that he could bend a two-inch iron bar into pretty designs, that his friend had used to place an oak plank, its under side jutting with nails, on his back and drive spikes into the wood with a sledge hammer, that—but Lindro's talents as a Strong Man belong in another part of the story.

SUFFICE that the man's talk filled me with hope and excitement. A conviction overcame me that Lindro was a find—a spectacular monster whose talents were worth a fortune—to both of us. I managed to borrow enough money to keep him in food for a week, prevailing on him to eat as sparingly as he could—two ordinary meals at a sitting were Lindro's idea of self-denial — and busied myself around the town. With the aid of introductory letters inveigled out of some newspaper friends I finally pried into a number of managerial sanctums and after four frantic days arrested the astute ear of Joe Ferris, a booking agent.

That first scene with Ferris and Lindro remains in my mind as the giddiest hour of my life. Lindro entered the office carrying a trunk on his shoulder. When he deposited the thing on the floor and, opening it, began to remove its contents, a respectful smile illumined the cynical features of the agent. Iron weights, iron bars — a veritable blacksmith shop—emerged piece by piece from its interior. And Lindro proceeded simply, and even lazily, with his "act."

When he had finished, Ferris turned to me.

"The fellow's a find," he said amiably, "but his stuff's no good. It's all dated and a bit circusy. Audiences have gotten too wise. Yeah, you can't fool the smart alecks out front by lifting thousand-pound weights. They all know the weights are hollow or made out of rubber. It don't do any good to have real ones. They'll figure there's a joker somewhere and that's that. What Lindro needs is an act. Something that'll register as real. No chance for trickery, you understand."

We parted with the understanding I was to return in two days with an act for Lindro, something that would require neither the presence of a dozen assistants nor a thousand dollars' worth of props. Something easy and elemental, were Ferris' final words.

Two weeks later we opened in a vaudeville house in Hoboken. Ferris had provided us with an announcer and a "set." The set was a back drop on which was painted an impressionistic jungle scene and a pair of heavy black curtains that fell in front of it. The black curtains, parting, revealed the aboriginal background, and out of an entrance in the center painted to resemble the artist's idea of a troglodyte's cave Lindro was to emerge.

Preceding his appearance was the spiel by the announcer. I don't know whether the Lindro introduction reduced to cold type holds in it the thrill it never failed to shoot into an audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am here to introduce to you a man out of another world. Nature in its mysterious workings sometimes introduces us into its past—the terrible and astounding past which witnessed the beginnings of our race. We have with us tonight such a miracle—a man whose body and soul belong back beyond the Stone Age—back into the dark reaches of time when our first fathers wrestled with the gigantic denizens of prehistoric swamps for a foothold upon the earth.

"He is neither a wild man nor a monster nor a towering giant, but a creature whom Nature in a moment of forgetfulness has fashioned as she once fashioned man—with muscles, bones, and sinews whose power staggers the imagination.

"A comparison with the records of the world's strong men of all time reveals that Lindro the Great has never had a rival—that his colossal strength belongs to an era before history. Ladies and gentlemen, I take pride and pleasure in presenting to you L i n d r o, the strongest man who has ever lived since the beginning of time."

I HAD dreaded this moment, morbidly certain that my strong man would suddenly dissolve into an impotent seeming amateur. But as my eyes stared at his almost nude figure, an animal pelt draped from his shoulder and a massive "war club" dangling from his hand, a sense of triumph overwhelmed me.

What Lindro did that night has since become a part of history—vaudeville history, at least.

We had decided upon a conventional takeoff for Lindro. And during the first eight minutes of the act I saw how correct Ferris had been in his diagnosis of the public cynicism. Lindro picked up the iron bar that lay on the stage —the only prop we had provided for him—and, with the spotlight again throwing his marvelous body into bold relief, proceeded to bend the thing as if it were a piece of tin. The bar was some ten feet in length and a good inch and a half in thickness.

The thing seemed to melt into curves and loops in his hand with an ease that, in Hoboken at least, deflated the stunt. The audience watching the exhibition came to the conclusion that the trick was ordinary. For Lindro seemed in no way to exert himself, disdained the theatrical aid of his teeth as a lever, and finished the job without a sign of effort or fatigue.

McGuire finally entered. In his acrobat tights McGuire was a worthy foil for Lindro. Ferris had selected his man carefully—a former strong man juggler whose career had been stopped by a muscular stiffening.

We had not rehearsed McGuire's entrance and the effect of his appearance startled me. He approached the silent, expressionless Lindro slowly — a heavy sledge hammer in his hands. When McGuire drew near, Lindro raised his war club and held it horizontal to the stage. McGuire, after endangering the floor with a few preliminary blows, lifted the sledge and swung it upon the war club. The club remained motionless in the air under the impact.

AGAIN and again McGuire swung and each time the club in Lindro's hand stood out under the resounding blows as if it were imbedded in a wall of masonry. At the sixth blow the club suddenly snapped into halves.

Tossing the half that remained in his hand aside, Lindro extended his fist and the sledge, describing its full arc through the air, crashed down on it. And for ten minutes, swinging his murderous weapon with a juggler's precision, McGuire beat a tattoo on the body of our star. Twice on the back of the neck, a dozen times upon the huge chest, an equal number of times upon his arms, legs, back. Lindro stood motionless, receiving the terrific smash of the sledge.

In the immobile figure of Lindro, unflinching under these murderous blows, one got the sense of another race of men — a race of men who had once stood up against the early monsters of evolution in a terrible struggle for supremacy.

We had decided upon the nail-studded board for a climax. Ferris had been a bit dubious, objecting at first that the thing might look too brutal and not sufficiently effective.

For five minutes, McGuire, standing over Lindro, systematically drove three spikes through the heavy plank. The fearful impact of the sledge sent the slightly blunted nails of its under side plunging into Lindro's body. But the man's skin and tissue were obviously made of something other than flesh. One felt convinced that McGuire and his sledge could not have driven the spikes into Lindro's body a tenth as easily as they

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

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Handicapped by ill health—which kept him in a hospital during four years of his boyhood—R. B. Cook, a Chicago man, bridged the gap in his education by day and evening study, which gave him a sound foundation for LaSalle home-study business training.

Starting as a bookkeeper, in 1919, he enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Practice.

"Before I was half way thru my training," writes Mr. Cook, "I was promoted to Collection Manager, with an increase of 50 per cent in salary. Later I became Credit Manager of another concern. This move was a very decided promotion.

"My next advancement was to the position of Office Manager. In each of these positions I was successful. This fact paved the way to my present position. Two years ago I was offered a post as Assistant Credit Manager with my present concern. Within two years I was made General Sales Manager, which position I now hold.

Five years of ***consistent progress***—that is the record of Mr. Cook, who has recently enrolled for LaSalle training in Business Management. Paragraph by paragraph, line by line, he takes up each assignment, asking himself how he can turn each business principle into profits for his company. A single idea—so he writes—which he got from his very first assignment—resulted in savings of many thousands of dollars for his firm.

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Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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(—So writes R. B. Cook, the employee)

"The advancement I have made during the past five years to my present position as Sales Manager of the B. A. Railton Company was made possible thru your splendid training and the various services which I have used with much profit. Two years ago I wrote you saying that I would not part with the knowledge LaSalle training has brought me for $10,000. Today I can say that I would not part with it for several times that amount."

(Signed) R. B. COOK, Chicago.

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(—So writes R. A. Railton, the employer)

"In training a half million men, your institution has made a valuable contribution to business. You have added millions to the wealth of the annual earnings of your student members. Their increased productive capacity in turn is adding many millions to the business of the institutions which they serve. I feel that in bringing to our attention a man with the training and capabilities of Mr. Cook, you are rendering our organization a distinct service." (Signed) R. A. RAILTON, Chicago.

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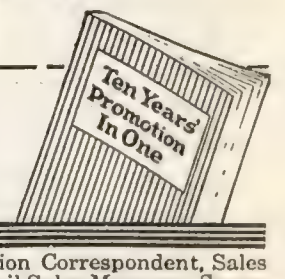

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

drove them through the oak plank.

The stunt finished, Lindro rose, restored his animal pelt to his shoulder without even pausing to rub his nail-bitten chest, and lifted McGuire, sledge and all, off the floor with a single sweep of his arm. Holding him over his head, lowering him almost parallel with the stage, twirling the huge figure of his assistant as if it were a piece of cordwood, Lindro walked slowly toward the jungle curtain. The footlights darkened and the spotlight again picked out the Strong Man. He stood thus for a few moments, McGuire kicking and squirming, with his uplifted hand raining blows on Lindro's back with the sledge. And then Lindro stepped into the entrance of the troglodyte "cave."

Ferris' enthusiasm was as excessive as it was businesslike. We played the outlying theaters for several weeks, and in the last of May signed our first "big-time" contract—a thousand dollars a week and a straight forty weeks' booking.

II.

LINDRO'S development into a star—he headlined each bill in which he appeared—brought no change to my protege. We left New York and went on tour, and my duties toward this monster were almost those of a parent toward a helpless child.

The thunders of applause which his act never failed to call forth seemed to leave him untouched. He continued to eat six or seven hearty meals a day, to sleep ten hours at a stretch whenever it was possible, and to amuse himself with whittling.

But the time is at hand to begin the chronicle of Lindro's collapse and to relate as much as I am capable of relating the tragic and grotesque events which befell Lindro the Great. We were well in the second year of our friendship when the thing started, and out of a clear sky, you may be sure.

Taking care of Lindro's morals had been, since our first days, one of the most interesting and least arduous phases of my duties toward him. The Strong Man was, in fact, as moral as a child. Rather, I should say, as innocent. For morality is a state of mind—an attitude toward life and women. And Lindro had no attitudes. Women simply did not exist for him any more than did the science of higher mathematics.

But I soon found that it was impossible to ward off the innumerable temptations surrounding my simple-minded colossus. His growing wealth, his naivety and kindliness provided added lures—and you may be sure he didn't need many—for morbid and impressionable women.

I destroyed the impassioned overtures begging for interviews as fast as they arrived at the box office. I saw to it that Lindro was in his hotel room thirty minutes after he had taken his final bow. And, for the rest, I trusted to the appalling innocence of the man.

And then we went to Chicago. At ten-thirty-five on this Monday night I arrived, as was my custom, in Lindro's dressing room, to walk to our hotel with him, as we had done a thousand times. The applause ended. The music of a new turn—the last on the bill—drifted back. I waited—and no Lindro. McGuire finally appeared, grinning and still perspiring from his exertions. He looked into the dressing room.

"The big boy's watching the dance number," he greeted me. "Go take a look at him."

Walking calmly enough to the wings, I came upon Lindro. He was standing in his animal pelt, staring out of the flies at the stage. For a moment the expression on the creature's face held me. His small eyes that had always seemed to be half awakened from a heavy sleep were gleaming with tears. His mouth was slightly open, his lips parted and quivering over his teeth. He stood crouched, his elbows tense at his sides, his huge fists clenched in front of him. He failed to notice me.

I turned and, peering around him, beheld the dancing team of Gomez and Pepita going through the never varying evolutions peculiar to Spanish dancers—the devil take them all, I repeat.

THE house was half emptied by the time Gomez and Pepita took their last bow. And Lindro had not moved. Pepita in her red and flaring dress, her face and body still bright with the mood of castanets and heel stampings, glided toward us. Seeing Lindro, she paused, and her eyes lighted boldly.

"Good evening," she called. And her voice convinced me, if I needed convincing, even then, that Lindro the Great had arrived at a cross roads in his life. Her voice was low and throaty, with the reserved, dominant note in it peculiar to self-conscious contraltos.

As for my troglodyte, he stood speechless and trembling, the muscles of his body actually tightening as I had never seen them tighten during his exhibition. Pepita suddenly laughed and hurried on. I seized him by the arm and he followed me, as if the strength had gone out of him, into his dressing room. He sank down on the trunk.

What I had dreaded for so long was taking place under my eyes. Lindro's soul was breaking through the film of childhood which covered it. Something that moved within the invincible armor of his muscle and sinew was coming to life in the colossus. After ten minutes Lindro raised his eyes to me, eyes I had never seen before—filled with pain and fear and a wildness half child and half animal.

I watched him rise slowly to his feet and reach for one of the iron bars waiting to be used in his exhibition. His huge hands gripped the thing for several moments, his knuckles growing white. Then, in a burst of fury, Lindro began to bend it; bend it as I had never seen him bend iron before—torturing it into loops almost as small as flower petals, twisting it into leaflike designs; working, gasping and desperately, and with tears flowing down his Neanderthal face.

PEPITA was, of course, Mrs. Gomez. Or, if she wasn't, she should have been. I soon discovered that she was the sort of stormy-souled and passion-torn creature who in the late twenties withers or degenerates into a type. She had been dancing since childhood. No particular talent. Probably born in New York.

Yet Pepita, I soon saw, was a creature of mystery—of a mystery deeper than the social veils of a woman's past may conceal. This taunting and startling thing that seemed to lurk in the movements of the creature, that lay in a glimmering sleep in her eyes, that made an enigmatic sound behind the throaty words of her talk, was sex.

Sex made a gleaming pantomime behind the talk, gestures, and glances of Pepita. She had struggled blindly and eagerly to capitalize it, to electrify her dancing with the thing half sleeping in her veins. To be able not to dance, but send the message of her body prowling across the footlights had been her ambition and her failure. But, despite the flash of her beautiful legs, the glide and shiver of her undulant torso, Pepita's soul had never spoken clearly to an audience. There never had come to her that moment of triumph when the performer feels herself mysteriously and ecstatically embraced by the darkened crowd beyond the footlights.

It had remained for Lindro, my child-souled colossus, to see her as she futilely dreamed herself to be. And it was, with his eyes, that I understood her. Argument, interference, objection were all futilities which I discarded from the first. My Strong Man was in love. The roots of his dark and powerful nature, so mild seeming on the surface, had found the Hell buried somewhere in the heart of man—and were thriving there.

We traveled for three months, almost always on the same bill. And Lindro did many amusing things. His infatuation for Pepita became a matter of hilarious gossip over the circuit. He never failed to watch her from the wings

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—as he had watched her that first night.

And gradually conversation grew between them. She would stop and talk to him a few minutes after her act was over. And Lindro, his massive body trembling, his eyes gleaming, would stand in silence listening to her.

It was not till we reached Omaha—Gomez and Pepita still playing the bill with us—that I began to note alarming signs. I had dropped in on the matinee in time to hear McGuire's announcement. Lindro's subsequent appearance gave me a start. I had not seen his exhibition for a week or two and my Strong Man's behavior came as a shock.

During the first few minutes of his iron bending I was unable to put my finger on what had happened. But suddenly I perceived that Lindro, the troglodyte, had almost vanished. In his place was a mincing, smirking, gesturing giant. The creature's epic stolidity under the sledge hammering of McGuire was gone.

He ogled the audience with each blow. He lifted his bulging arms gracefully to receive each impact. His huge fingers assumed self-conscious and manneristic gestures. And, in the finale, holding the squirming figure of McGuire over his head, receiving the murderous tattoo of the sledge, Lindro made his exit, bowing and smiling, his legs essaying a ridiculous grace.

"Like a dancer!" I thought miserably.

That night Lindro made his first jump out of the traces. He refused to return to the hotel with me. I knew, of course, what this meant. Pepita! The thing had finally come. A rendezvous with Pepita!

I sat staring at Lindro as he dressed and thinking that, after all, the duties of a manager had their limits. We would be in New York in a few months and a talk with Ferris would soon straighten things out. Different bookings, no more Gomez and Pepita haunting us.

In the weeks that followed I curbed my curiosity and perhaps morbidity. I allowed Lindro the Great to go his way, asking no questions, refusing to pry into his affairs, absenting myself finally from backstage. He would return promptly at twenty minutes past midnight to the hotel, flushed and rather grotesquely exuberant. And in the afternoons I saw him not at all.

He began asking for money. I had taken care of his bank deposits, paying our expenses out of his salary, deducting my own part, and sending the rest to New York. My opinion of Pepita lowered another notch at his first request, but again I figured that the thing was none of my business; that, in fact, tolerance and understanding of Lindro during these stormy days of his first love were my best cues.

III.

IT was in Duluth that my first intimation of what was happening came. I had left the theater after the matinee and, glancing down the alley at its side, saw Lindro and Pepita emerge from the stage door. I paused to wonder where Gomez was, and how he had adjusted himself to this situation, as the pair passed me. Lindro was jabbering excitedly and Pepita with her black eyes raised to him was listening and nodding her head. They were too engrossed to notice me and, automatically, I fell in a few feet behind them.

A moment later I stood in front of an old office building reading a sign on the lobby wall —"For Rent—Hall for Club Meetings, Banquets, Dances, etc. Inquire Room 211." I hurried up the stairs to Room 211 and in a few minutes' talk with a giggling young woman verified the disquieting suspicion that had overcome me. Pepita was giving my troglodyte dancing lessons!

To treat the matter casually, a bit humorously, was, it came to me, the only thing to do. And I opened the door and walked into the hall.

They had failed to hear me. I stood regarding the scene with astonishment. Lindro, dressed in an appalling imitation of Gomez, was gliding over the floor with Pepita in a twirl under his hand. A look of ecstatic hap-

SHE moved blindly away from the figure of Lindro, crying in a voice that sent my blood cold: "I can't stand it! Look at me or I'll kill myself!"

piness that made me feel ashamed of my eavesdropping kindled my Strong Man's face. He moved in the dance—a huge and intimidating figure, such as one might see in a nightmare!

Later that night, Lindro talked to me in the hotel room. He was frightened and defiant. He pleaded and raged. I saw that the man felt an overwhelming respect for me, and gratitude. That I was still, in his eyes, a savior and magician who had plucked him out of hunger and anonymity.

Yet there was something else. Love had worked a strange metamorphosis deep in Lindro's soul—deeper even than this violent loyalty and submission he felt toward me. Pepita had been his awakening. And she had awakened him not only to love, but to a hunger for the grace and romance of life of which she seemed to him the sole symbol. An abortive, fantastic passion had been kindled in the soul of my Neanderthaler to flit like a butterfly, to glide and dip like a bird—to become a mate for Pepita, a part of the bewildering beauty he felt hovering around her.

And Pepita? I felt behind the passion she turned to Lindro a craftiness, an aloof and egoistic reach for fame. For it was obvious at once that she saw Lindro as a dancing partner. And what a partner! One who would lift her to the heights of her career, as easily as he tossed her body in the air. Lindro and Pepita!

I managed to speak to her alone several times. But there was nothing to be gained from these sessions but certainty. Leaning over the table in a cafe, after the theater, she said to me, her throaty voice shaking with emotion and her eyes rivaling Lindro's in their glitter:

"We are going to be married when we reach New York. And we are going to dance together—as an act."

Lindro, sitting beside her, averted his eyes, not daring to look at me.

It was bound to come, of course. And there was no reason for me to get as excited as I did. But the thing that was happening between Pepita and Lindro had long since blown away my sense of proportion. I felt an egoistic pride in Lindro the Great. I had found him—created him. My imagination was somehow involved in the monster's life—to say nothing of my pocketbook.

Gomez fell ill. Headaches, fever, dizziness. The Detroit doctor thought it looked like the flu. I had my own diagnosis—terror. Lindro had finally become aware of Gomez—aware of the man's past intimacy with Pepita and of the possible claims he might have upon her future. And my troglodyte had begun stalking his rival.

THEN the day came when Gomez no longer had the courage to drag himself to the theater and face the colossus who appeared at his side whenever he spoke a word to his partner, who seemed forever on the point of obliterating him with his huge hand as one might smash a fly.

I had intended to drop in on Lindro's act, to see how much further its disintegration had progressed. Gomez and Pepita were on an early part of the bill. Thrusting my head into the door at the rear, I caught a strain of the nerve-racking music—their overture had long become unbearable to me—and knew that the Spanish dance was about to appear.

I listened to what followed with no particular surprise. It was an obvious, inevitable *dénouement*. Gomez, Spain's most popular dancer, was ill. And Lindro the Great, ladies and gentlemen, in addition to performing his Herculean tasks this evening, would substitute as the partner of Pepita in the—— et cetera, et cetera.

The moment on which my own and Lindro's future hinged had arrived. I entered the theater quickly and instinctively made my way into the balcony. A half plan had formed in

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"Suffering from habitual constipation and weak from a recent operation, it was impossible for me to continue my social duties and club work. So despondent did I become that I dropped out of everything. I felt fagged in the morning and was nervous and irritable. I knew I was a bore to everyone, self included. Finally our family physician prescribed yeast. In three days I noticed an improvement, while in three months' time with stomach trouble removed, habitual constipation conquered, vitality restored, I felt like a new person. I have now resumed all social and club activities—singing the praises of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. D. H. Webb, Anderson, S. C.

What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines
The evils of digestive troubles
and disfiguring skin eruptions
The tragedy of lowered vitality

"After I gave birth to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' I lost weight, was very anemic; food would nauseate me, had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. I tried all kinds of remedies. I finally went to an eye specialist. He prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes a day. I am mighty grateful to Dr. S. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer sit down at the table with an aversion for food. In spite of all the ups and downs in life, I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. Sarah Steinhardt, New York City

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-19, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

"Our eight-year-old girl would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. We tried many remedies with only temporary relief. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."

Mrs. G. A. Viele, Costa Mesa, Cal.

(right)

"Invalided from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after 2½ years in trenches, returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."

Herbert J. Parrott, Calgary, Alta.

"I am in the real estate business; built up a hustling organization; kept the force always keyed up, watchful of every opportunity. The high pressure undoubtedly did its work; the reaction set in, and I found myself slowing up. I needed something to restore the old vitality—the old punch.

"At last I hit upon Fleischmann's Yeast. Truly the result was marvelous: the mid-afternoon fag disappeared; I was again keen and alert; my color took on a clear and healthful glow, an out-of-doors look; and I was again the leader of my organization—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

James F. Brown, Allentown, Pa.

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

my mind. One round of applause tonight and Lindro was lost to me forever. Lindro and Pepita would never engage me as their manager. The woman was too elemental for such subtle revenges.

Again the music started. The thing I had seen in the Duluth dance hall emerged once more—Lindro in his Spanish costume—bulging, fantastic, incredible—and Pepita whirling under his lifted hand. The incongruous spectacle hit the imagination of the crowd and seemed to stun it. Around me the rows of men and women leaned forward as if pulled by identical strings. I watched their faces eagerly. They were riveted in surprise and even awe upon the stage. But behind this grimace I sensed something. There was laughter waiting, laughter uncertain and afraid of itself. It needed a touch to set it off.

I LAUGHED, carefully, shrewdly. A snicker audible for only a few feet. Snickers rose around me. I raised my voice—and the thing started. A gathering roar of laughter, an uncontrollable spasm of laughter leaped from the darkened auditorium.

It rolled out toward the footlights, drowning the sound of the music. Why were they laughing? God knows. Because something too strange had happened, something that had for a few minutes bewildered them. Lindro was still dancing, but I could no longer make out his face. Derisive calls and boos had begun. It was the audience now who had gone primitive. And in the midst of this brutal, hysterical onslaught Lindro's feet wavered. His massive body began to sway out of rhythm. Pepita, still twirling, ran down like a top.

The laughter, like some unbelievable horror, had hit them. For a moment the two stood, Lindro's head lowered and swinging from side to side. He had closed his eyes. He seemed to shrink and grow small. Mercifully, Pepita vanished. Lindro remained. I saw him straighten, his great shoulders lift, his elbows rise out at his side. A fear made me silent. Lindro, my troglodyte, was about to run amuck, about to leap at something.

He started, hurling himself forward down the stage, his hands raised, his fingers distended like some murderous and gigantic ape. And a howl rose from the audience—a bellow of mirth-laughter, startling and frantic. Lindro seemed to pause in midair, as if he had struck a wall. The laughter seemed to beat him back—an invisible blow under which he tottered for an instant, and then reeled like a man gone blind. He was staggering about the stage when the curtain came down and I shouted with relief. The orchestra was playing furiously. I rushed out of the balcony.

Pepita was in her dressing room. Her passionate sobbing came through the closed door. Lindro's room was empty. McGuire, nervous and laconic, told me he had bolted.

It was after midnight when Lindro came in. I stepped to the door between our bedrooms. He was sitting on the bed in his overcoat, his eyes almost shut, his lips pressed together and quivering. I put my hand on his shoulder.

"Come," I said finally, "take off your overcoat."

He stood up obediently and removed it and sat down again. He was in his Spanish costume. Sitting in his fantastic garments on the bed, he became in his silence like some towering figure in a heart-breaking masquerade. His collapse overwhelmed me. Devoid of life, his eyes closed, his massive hulk trembling as if it had fallen from a great height and were shivering from the impact, he sat without words. The minutes dragged by. I waited.

He raised his head slowly and in a whisper spoke to me.

"I come back to say good-by to you. My money in the bank—half to you, half to Pepita. That's all."

"In the morning," I began. But Lindro had risen. He stood staring at me and then in a voice that seemed to issue from an unbearable nausea cried out in Russian:

"Umiraiu! Ya umiraiu! Smerdz moya!"

He was talking of death. His voice grew louder as if the shame in him were trying to escape in a roar. Tears followed, pouring from his eyes. He sank into a chair as if too weak to stand. I let him sit there without speaking. Whose fault was it? Mine or his? Or Pepita's?

An hour passed. Spent and filled with misery, I lay on the bed watching him. I had said everything I could think of. I felt now that I was looking for a last time on Lindro, that he would rise in a few minutes and crawl away somewhere to put an end to himself.

The door opened and Pepita came in. Lindro failed to see or hear her until she had fallen to her knees beside him. Suddenly he covered his head and face with his arms as if unable to bear the sight of her. Without words, and sobbing, she crawled up on his lap, entwining her arms around him, pressing herself passionately against him, calling his name over and over. Her hands began tugging at his fingers, behind which he hid his face. Fascinated, I stared from my place on the bed. This was his shame. More than the memory of the laughter that had struck him, this was the thing he could not bring himself to face—his humiliation before Pepita.

She leaped from him and stood brandishing a dagger over her head. The violence and histrionism that lay in the soul of Pepita seemed suddenly to have found their perfect scene. She moved blindly away from the figure of Lindro, overturning a chair and crying out in a voice that sent my blood cold:

"I can't stand it—look at me! Look at me or I'll kill myself!"

LINDRO, with his face covered, remained motionless. She rushed upon him, tearing again at his hands as if her woman's fingers could bulge the muscles of the colossus.

What followed has always remained confused in my head. I recall Pepita throwing herself around the room—the dagger dancing over her head—Pepita crouching at the feet of Lindro, offering herself and her love; crying out that he could have her body, her life; that she would kneel before him forever. Pepita suddenly tearing at the Spanish clothes that covered Lindro, wailing that she had ruined him and that she would die if he didn't look at her.

Finally I remember Lindro standing up, his body shaking with tremendous sobs, his arms embracing Pepita; standing with Pepita in his huge arms and saying nothing, but looking at her with a distorted, desperate face. And I realized that I had misunderstood their love—that Lindro had never before held her like this.

I walked noiselessly out of the room as Pepita's kisses, oblivious of me, began to cover his face and arms. Pepita, who had ruined him, had saved him. As I closed the door I heard him repeat her name in a bewildered, stammering voice.

I stood for a time looking out of my hotel window at the deserted street under the winter moon. The silence from the adjoining room finally upset me. I walked to the door and knocked. There was no answer. Suddenly terrified, I flung the door open. The room was empty. Lindro's Spanish costume lay in a heap on the bed—its black and red velvets glistening under the electric lights.

. . . . . .

It is here the story of Lindro the Great might have ended but for a coincidence.

Last spring I had accepted an aunt's invitation to spend the summer on her farm in Ohio. The place was near Canton. And one Saturday evening, bored with the bucolic peace of my aunt's living room, I drove the family car out of the garage and headed for the bright lights of the town.

Main Street was crowded with merrymakers. The drug stores and knick-knack shops were glittering bravely. And in front of the Bijou Theater, the movie house that played vaudeville three nights a week, I saw the lithograph, Lindro and Pepita!

I went in to see what finale fate had to offer for the story of Lindro the Great. Ferris and I had given up our search for him a year ago and my troglodyte had, with our pursuit cooled, obtained booking on one of the third-rate circuits.

THE curtain went up on a stage filled with props. Cannon balls, huge weights, bars of iron, and the conventional paraphernalia of the carnival Strong Man exhibition. Lindro appeared without the flourish of an announcement. He was changed. Not smaller seeming or less massive—but ordinary. A hulking enough figure, but with a mild, docile face, with manneristic gestures.

Pepita appeared, in tights. She stood at the back of the stage against the cracked and worn house drop. Lindro advanced and bowed. He clapped his hands. Pepita skipped gracefully to his side and handed him a handkerchief. He mopped his neck and face with the thing and tossed it back. She retired to her position against the backdrop. And Lindro proceeded with his act.

He lifted the weights. He bent the irons. He caught the cannon balls on the back of his neck. And punctuated his stunts with signals for Pepita and the handkerchief.

Poor Lindro! The applause was mild and perfunctory. Strong Man acts were no novelty to these frequenters of county fairs and village carnivals.

I turned my attention to Pepita. Her once bold eyes were watching the Strong Man with an almost motherly intensity. She smiled eagerly whenever he turned for an instant in her direction.

And at the conclusion of the performance, with the curtain banging up and down several times to the scattering applause, she remained at the backdrop while Lindro stepped forward for his bow—remained there like some beautiful sculptured figure standing proudly and motionlessly against the worn paint of the canvas and smiling, not at the audience but at Lindro the Great.

I made up my mind to see them and sat waiting in the auto until they would emerge. They appeared at last, and I hesitated. Pepita was clinging to his arm and they were walking together, their faces raised to the vast, silent night whose stars shone peacefully above the little street. The plans that had begun again in my head in the theater gradually dissolved. Lindro had found a more enduring Greatness perhaps in the eyes of his Delilah—a humiliated and tender Delilah—and I drove back to the farm with the story of my troglodyte permanently finished in my mind.

THE END

An Article Revealing the Real Reason for Fur Coats, Diamonds, Husbands and Everything Such as That

Men Are Easy

Pictures by
WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

THE secret I am about to tell you absolutely must not go any farther —you know how things get around these days—but just between you and me—in the strictest confidence—I think that men are Easy Marks!

At that, I don't think I am alone in my opinion. In fact, considering it carefully, I seem to have got the idea from a complete resume of the opinions of almost all of the women I have ever talked to, and, while I won't go so far as to say that many of my best friends are women, still, even mere feminine acquaintances haven't hesitated to give me their opinions about men.

Not that the women I know, nor I myself, at that, are complaining about the fact that men are—well, a bit indulgent. We wouldn't have them otherwise. Still, if you ask me—or any other woman who happens to be telling almost the truth that day—some of the ways in which men are easy, the answer would be, I'm afraid, *in every way.*

Of course, every man isn't an Easy Mark for every woman. The most hard-hearted business man who is solid stone to his stenographer may be soft as dough in the hands of the Little Wife at Home, or on the contrary. But you get me? If every man were easy to every woman, that would simply spoil the game; but it's my opinion that pretty nearly every man is an Easy Mark to *some* woman.

Men are sentimentalists, of course. It is the women who are the Hard-Boiled Sex. The little, meek, wistful girl with a helpless air is the very one who really is doubling up her fists and "going out after what she wants." What she wants, usually, is a fine, strong man, and the man usually considers himself successful and masterful after he has gone through all the motions of capturing the dear little helpless thing, although she has had the capturing carefully planned well in advance.

A couple of years ago a sweet, helpless type of little girl, aged eighteen, looked up at me with big blue eyes and said, "I'm going to marry Ronald Winters"—this is as far from his name as I can get—"before the season is over."

By some means she managed to attract Ronald's attention—he was rather a sought-after bachelor.

By a hundred ways, at least fifty of which are known to every woman, she started things moving in her direction. The way she would exclaim over any wise cracks that Ronald happened to make, the way she would ask questions about something when she knew the answer far better than he did, and her appreciation of his clear explanations were all simply wonderful.

She was always giving little informal parties with Ronald as a guest—always being sweet and dainty and helpless. Finally, she took sick on a house party, where Ronald also was a guest, and insisted that Ronald come in and read to her. I happened to see her in negligee and found it not at all bad.

It wasn't more than a week after that Ronald confessed to me that he was pretty hard hit and that he intended to "try to get" this very little girl, "if I thought there was any chance that she'd have me."

The girl—who got well remarkably quickly after Ronald read to her—sprung a rival on Ronald, and Ronald almost broke his heart with jealousy. They were married two months later. To this day Ronald talks about what a hard time he had capturing his wife.

Of course Ronald was an Easy Mark, to have fallen for those pretty little feminine tricks, but then nearly every other man I know has fallen in much the same way. I have picked out poor Ronald's story just as a Case History and *not* as a Horrible Example.

Looking over all of my acquaintances who

Marks

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

FINALLY, she took sick on a house party, where Ronald also was a guest, and insisted that Ronald come in and read to her.

married since I knew them, I know of only one couple in which the girl did not have the entire marriage decided upon and planned almost in detail before the man even made up his mind whether he wanted to get married at all.

Of course, during the usual courtship, which has been planned minutely by the female and carried out almost entirely according to the plans by the male, there is as great an expenditure of money as possible. Need I tell you which one spends the money? Did you ever hear of a girl buying flowers for a man, unless he were ill and she was trying to show what a dear, thoughtful little thing she was? Or jewels?

How many fewer fur coats do you think we would see each winter if girls had to buy coats for themselves? Oh, I don't mean that there aren't thousands of girls who buy their own coats, starting to pay for them in August and paying on installments well through the spring and long after the coats are worn out, but I still believe that the fur business would suffer an awful slump if men weren't eager and easy fur buyers.

And what would happen to the jewelers if men suddenly ceased being easy—generous, I mean? Women like to look well, but there are very few women who actually go out and buy jewels for themselves. It's the man who buys jewels—the man who likes to see the woman he possesses or wants to possess decked out in fine feathers. Buying her jewelry pleases him and, of course, it pleases the woman.

WE have always heard a great deal about women being the weaker sex, though perhaps you've noticed that, when it really comes to working, women are frequently able to do a day's work right along with men.

Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps women have purposely had something to do with the idea of developing in the male the thought of feminine weakness and helplessness—and that men are being a bit easy in accepting it?

There is good old "Women and children first," too. Of course, I can see every reason for "Children first." I can see the reason for "Women first," too, for that matter, and the reason is that men have been convinced by women that women are a little grander, a little more tender, a little weaker—and must be protected. It's a very good idea, but it doesn't exactly disprove my theory that men are Easy Marks.

In a most interesting new book, Women and Leisure, by Lorine Pruette, Ph. D., Miss Pruette has used thousands of statistics about the working woman, and, luckily for me, most of them fit in beautifully with my theories about women.

Miss Pruette shows that seventy-eight per cent of all males are working, but that seventy-eight per cent of women are not working. She has proved, too, by means of questionnaires, that most women really do not want to work—that women, as a whole, prefer a home and prefer getting married to any sort of a job—and most of them manage to get their wishes.

I wonder if that means anything to you? *Women do not want to work*—so, most of them are not working. How much easier to get a

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man to support you than to work at a regular job yourself, unless, of course, you feel an urge toward success along some artistic or professional line. So few women do feel this urge, you know.

A woman enjoys leisure. She dislikes, as a steady diet, a regulation job in an office or store or factory. The woman who works after marriage does so because of economic pressure, and not through desire for employment.

"I'm keeping my job because I have nothing to do all day," says the little stenographer bride. But let her husband get a raise or two, and she eagerly shifts the burden of support—and finds enough to do without working. Even if a woman doesn't really know what to do with her spare time, she doesn't want to earn money, nor to be told how to employ her leisure.

A woman loves to waste long hours. She likes dreaming over a book in the afternoon, or shopping, or gossiping. Because she wants to, she does these things when she can—and seventy-eight per cent of the women can—and this means that some man is supporting her. It may be a father, a husband, or a brother—but, at least, most women do not work—and it's because they don't want to and are clever enough, or attractive enough—or lazy enough—to avoid it.

If a man has no regular employment, he is put down as a waster and an idler, "no good at all." We look down on him.

THE average man does spend the majority of his daylight hours employed in useful labor. Why? Because he is accustomed to work, and has himself and one or several women to support.

He may not exactly like to work, but he probably has been so numbed by years of labor that he never thinks seriously of rebelling. His habits have been handed down to him through countless generations.

Easy Marks? It looks that way to me. Why, the poor male sex actually is not fit for leisure. Men have worked so long, so hard, and so many years that they can't stop if they want to.

They have been Easy Marks, grubbing along in order to support themselves and their families as well—until their work is the main part of their lives. It's an absolute fact—statistics prove it—that men who try to retire and lead a life of leisure and peace die a few years after retiring.

The poor Easy Marks cannot even live unless they are being laden with burdens. Even in short vacations, unless a man is given a complete change of environment and something definite to see and do, he is absolutely ill at ease. He wanders around in a daze, not knowing what to do, unless some form of work is given to him in the guise of pleasure.

The women who do not have to work have no trouble in acquiring the habits of leisure. Most of them get along beautifully without working, and spend hours at their toilet and at play. They even make a game of housework, spending five times as long over every task as necessary, if they do not happen to have anything else to do.

In every apartment building the same task is being done separately in each tiny apartment. There is no attempt at co-operation, and women usually resent co-operation when it is introduced. Women don't want their slight household tasks taken away from them—it might mean substituting real labor.

Every woman who does not work and who wears fine clothes is the outward sign of some man's ability to support her in leisure—the obvious indication to the world that she has found an Easy Mark all her own.

In spite of such a lot of talk these days about women working, it may mean something in your life to know that, instead of more women working, there has been really a slight decline in the percentage of working women within the last fifteen years.

There are few occupations closed to women. In spite of this, do women want to work? They do not. Whenever a census is taken, as in Miss Pruette's book, it is found that most girls want to be supported. They want Easy Mark husbands making a living for them.

The fur business would suffer an awful slump if men weren't eager and easy fur buyers.

Even in this advanced day, most men believe that women should not work outside of the home. Ask the men you know. It's a good theory, but don't think for a minute that men made this up out of their own heads. Women gave them the idea. Most men believe that they shouldn't get married unless they can support a wife. Very good, too! After all, we have made men Easy Marks, and we may as well keep them that way.

If, by a little clever cajoling, dressing up a bit, and flattery, a woman can get a home and support for the rest of her life, if she is only fairly agreeable afterward, why shouldn't she get married? Unless the circumstances are unusual, it seems to me she would be a fool if she didn't.

AFTER she is married she may have to do a little housework, assisted by canned goods, a vacuum cleaner, a dish-washing machine, a neighborhood delicatessen store, and, most likely, a maid, but as long as she can still have leisure, fine clothes to wear—for every man likes to show to the world how he can support a woman—she would be a fool not to take the advantages an Easy Mark offers her.

In business, too, men are Easy Marks when it comes to their dealings with women. Well, just think about the men you know, even the important men. Haven't they sometimes let femininity interfere with fairness? In dealing with other men they display all of their much-talked-of business acumen, judgment and analytical powers. They aren't easy then.

Don't misunderstand me. I haven't written this to criticize men. Instead, I'm writing it to women, as a warning. I don't want women to be too independent. They might open men's eyes to a few things. On a fifty-fifty basis, with "Dutch treats," this world wouldn't be nearly so pleasant a place to live in.

Men may be Easy Marks, but I believe the easier the better. If we women got together and turned our powers toward the complete subjugation of the male instead of toward feminism, we might make men even easier, if possible, and we might have even a better time of it.

Haven't you noticed that the men who are the Easiest Marks are the happiest? Men love to buy things for women, love to feel that women are helpless and in need of them.

Why should we make men unhappy and spoil our own pleasant conditions in the bargain?

I'm for Easier Marks—and more of them.

THE END

Why I Gave Up Poker

Picture by RAY ROHN

MOST of the customs and traditions about losing gracefully seem silly. I don't see why a man in bad luck should not be permitted to sulk as much as he pleases.

It's a Sordid, Mercenary Game, Relentlessly Brutal to the Under Dog—and One Distinguished Addict Is THROUGH. Yessir!

By
HEYWOOD BROUN

I GAVE up poker because I think it's a mean game. This isn't a boast of any special tender-heartedness. After all, I stuck to it steadily for fifteen years. Still, I can take the credit of having quit in the middle of a winning streak. There are people who say:

"Oh, I just play for the fun of the game. It doesn't make any difference to me whether I win or lose."

Poker's all right for people like that, provided they are telling the truth; but mostly they aren't. All the players I ever knew were out to win, and to win just as much as possible.

Now, of course, there's no getting away from the instinct to win. That governs the actions of all of us in pretty much everything we do. At our present stage of civilization it's the force which makes the wheels go 'round.

But in other forms of competition even a hair-line decision is satisfactory. Your fun doesn't depend on getting the other fellow down and then jumping on him as long as he'll stand it. Prize fighting is supposed to be the most brutal sport sanctioned by the community, but even in that game there are very few boxers who like to knock a man about after they have him hopelessly licked.

But a poker player will do it. I always did, and so did the others. There are, of course, certain accepted canons of chivalry among poker players. The extra hour (or ten hours) which is added on after quitting time is always referred to as "giving the loser a chance."

Looking back on my old depravity, I wonder how I could ever say that with a straight face. None of the statistical bureaus keeps any exact records of just what happens to losers when they are so generously accorded their "chance," but my estimate is that in 92.537 cases out of a hundred the victim continues to slide, and I have also figured out that he generally doubles or triples his losses during the time set aside for his comeback.

It must be so. Luck is only a minor element in poker. The great assets are calm and confidence. "Moral ascendancy" is what winning players like to call it. Once things begin to go badly against a player, he loses his perspective. He is both too bold and too timid. In pots where his hand would win he gets scared out, and at other times he leaps in to call where he has no chance. A losing player can be bullied, and he always is.

Few winners are conscious of the fact that they are cruel and predatory while the game is actually on. I remember that once, during one of those brief intervals which occasionally occurred between games in the old days, I commented on the savagery of a fellow-member of the Thanatopsis Inside Straight and Pleasure Club. The man to whom I made this criticism was genuinely surprised.

"It's funny you should say that," he remarked. "The general opinion is that you're the most punishing player of the whole crowd."

This was before regeneration set in, and I actually took it as a compliment. It seemed to me rather manly and two-fisted to be considered the highest betting and hardest player of the lot. I don't know why. Now that I'm completely cured, my old attitude toward poker seems to me incomprehensible. At least, I think I'm completely cured. A month ought to be long enough to tell whether or not the cure is final. Don't you think so?

It was only during the first three weeks of my swear-off that I was appreciably restless on Saturday nights. The temper I got into around the house on the fourth Saturday really had nothing to do with poker. It was a private, personal matter which is irrelevant to this article.

Just think of it! For the last four weeks I've gone to bed every Saturday night before two o'clock Sunday morning. And there were those imbeciles sitting up till five or six in the morning. Once it was all the way until noon the next day.

I do make a business of asking the old crowd how late they played and how the game came out. I still take an academic interest in it. There's no harm in that. After all, a person can swear off a thing and still stop short of being a prig about it. I think it's braver to know about it, and still keep away—particularly when they tell me that two visitors from out of town have been sitting in and losing heavily. Neither of them, apparently, knows much about the game.

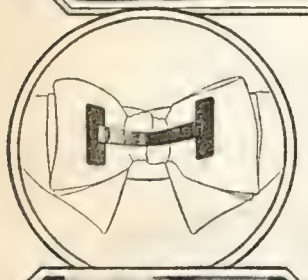
MY cure is so complete that I even take the risk of asking on Friday nights just where the game is going to be held. When I learn that, I know just where it is I must not go at 8:30 o'clock. Sometimes when I get to bed early on Saturday nights I don't sleep very well. In the old days, after an all-night poker game, I used to drop off just like a child. Still, I think getting to bed at a reasonable hour is good for a man.

But all this is beside the point. We were talking about the cruelty of poker players. I wouldn't say that winning large sums of money from that motion picture producer was cruel; he can afford it. But then he's come into the game since my time. The rest of us were pretty much all struggling newspaper men. And I've won, and I've seen others win, as much as three or four months' salary from a single player.

"Why not play for stakes which all the people concerned can afford to win or lose?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Spur Tie
PAT. JUNE 13, '22; JAN. 29, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
all tied for you
50¢ *and up*



Illustrated above is the Square End style of Spur Tie. At the left is a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the patented secret of the Spur Tie. The H-shaped Innerform keeps the Spur Tie from curling, rolling or wrinkling.

At the left is illustrated the French-pointed End style of Spur Tie.

At the left is the Butterfly Bow Spur Tie.

At the right is shown the Spur Dress Tie in black. It is also made in white. Spur Ties are made by the makers of Spur Sport Stripes for hat bands, Spur Safety Signals, and Spur Belts.

Go-getters get going on the *Spur* of the moment

Yes, sir! No precious time is wasted in wrestling with an old-fashioned string tie these days. The correctly tailored Spur Tie is on in a moment—and you are off—to breakfast, business, or a game of golf. All through a busy day, forget about your appearance. The smart Spur Tie looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie—and the patented H-shaped Innerform makes it keep the shape you give it. See the Spur Tie displayed on smart shop counters. Look for the red Spur label on the back. Feel for the H-shaped Innerform, and notice how well the Spur Tie looks. Write for Style Booklet.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Office
120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Makers of Spur Sport Stripes for Hat Bands, Spur Belts, Spur Garters, and Spur Safety Signals

Why I Gave Up Poker

By Heywood Broun

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

I hear from a lady in the back of the room. This sounds reasonable. It is reasonable. But there is some devilish quality in the game of poker which wars against moderation.

Now, bridge isn't that way. Bridge for a tenth of a cent a point is not wholly the ideal way for my taste, but I have played it and had a good time. Penny ante I don't think I'd like at all, or, at any rate, much of the most fervent emotion would be missing. I would also like to point out one error in the query from the lady in the back of the room:

"Why not play for stakes which all concerned can afford to win or lose?"

You see, the trouble with that is there isn't any limit to the sum of money which a man can afford to win, and your true gambling addict generally expects to win.

Moreover, he likes the excitement residing in the threat of overwhelming disaster which can come to him out of the fact that the stakes are much higher than his income warrants. The very peculiar thrill which poker can provide depends upon the fact that moderation has been abandoned. When the player gets down to those last chips which he simply cannot afford to lose he becomes exceedingly receptive to sensation. "Distress money," the gamblers call it. Doctor Freud has used, I believe, the expression "the pleasure pain principle," or something like that. It is pertinent to the emotions of the poker player. If he comes out ahead after early reverses, his joy is all the greater because it has been tinged with suffering.

BUT, just the same, it really is an evil thing that I should try to take money away from friends of mine in amounts truly embarrassing to them. Or that they should do the same to me. Most of us in the Thanatopsis Club are reasonably decent-hearted, and we wouldn't like to do grave injury to any of the others—except in poker. It doesn't make any difference that in theory each one takes an equal risk. The same thing might be said about the practice of fighting duels.

The worst of it is that poker simply will not tolerate the introduction of kindness. Often I have been furiously angry at contending players, but the only time I ever seriously contemplated murder was upon an occasion when an opponent offered me sympathy. I had a full house. He had four of a kind. He got the pot. As he reached for the chips he murmured in a low, sad voice, possibly with the best intentions in the world, "So sorry!"

Jeers and taunts I could have endured better. He had all my chips, and what did I want with his sympathy? People tell me that I am not a good loser. This had no weight in making me swear off. Most of the customs and traditions about losing gracefully seem to me silly.

It's annoying to have people throw the cards on the floor or pound on the table, but I don't see why a man in bad luck should not be permitted to sulk as much as he pleases. Such conduct is honorable and perfectly dignified. To laugh and sing and crack jokes in the midst of misfortune is just hypocrisy.

Anyhow, what difference does it make how a loser behaves? He can't hurt anybody. The scrutiny ought to be directed the other way, to examine the conduct of winners.

In this respect, it seems to me, poker manners are deplorable. Apparently it is entirely in order to oppress the unfortunate with public taunts. Other card games are not like that. I can't remember, even in the most friendly rubber of bridge, ever having said to an opponent, "Well, I certainly made a fool of you that time."

A BELIEF persists that there are certain mysterious compensations in poker. The story goes that one learns human nature by playing. Thomas Edison helped to keep this current by including in one of his questionnaires some inquiry as to what to do with two pair before the draw. It was not an intelligently framed question. The limit was mentioned, as I remember, but there was no information as to the lateness of the hour and the status on the books of either contender.

Even with all the facts, I doubt very much whether this particular part of the examination would have helped Mr. Edison much in determining whether the applicant would make a good employee for the electric company. Possibly it was a catch, and only those who answered, "I know nothing about poker," got the job.

It doesn't seem to me that I have really acquired any tremendous understanding of human nature through playing poker. I do know that when Alec hesitates and says, "Let me see," before raising, that almost certainly he isn't bluffing. I have learned that Marc is more likely to call a large bet than a small one, and that John seldom stays on anything less than tens. But that's about all, and none of it is calculated to help me much in the battle with life.

If it were possible for me to take the hours I have wasted in poker and lay them end to end, they would reach far enough to carry me into three or four foreign languages. I might even have learned a trade. There are ever so many things I might have done with my time which would have taught me more about human nature.

As for the financial aspect of my ventures, I have no clear idea. There is the familiar adage that it all evens up at the end of the year, but F. P. A. came once to a New Year's Eve game with the expectation that he would win thousands and thousands of dollars on the strength of that adage. It didn't work out that way.

Suppose I am, as the still more familiar phrase has it, "just about even." Any such estimate leaves me a heavy loser, for it is always true that the poker winner takes his gains as so much "velvet" and applies them to luxuries. His losses have to be taken out of the budget devoted to necessities.

No one within my acquaintance has bought a house, or paid a life insurance premium, or laid in the winter's coal, out of poker winnings. Looking over my worldly goods, I find a green and yellow necktie which I bought after a successful session. Nothing else of a tangible nature remains after all my hard work.

"Unlucky at cards, lucky at love," is another well-known slogan. Perhaps it goes the other way 'round, but anyhow it represents a sound psychological principle. Your true poker addict is licked by life and circumstances. He hasn't done the things he set out to do, and so he buries himself in this fantasy existence of gambling where success can come in a few seconds.

I HAVE figured it out that with my poker time I could have written anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred novels, and, in obedience to the law of averages, one out of all that number should have been good.

I can't turn the clock back. There's no good mourning over spilt time. The best that is left to me is to try to make something out of my middle age and thus atone for a misspent youth.

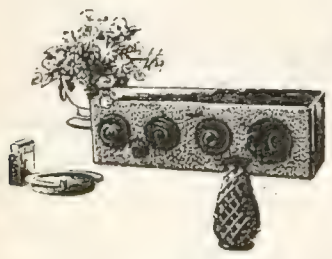
Just one thing in my swear-off disturbs me. To cut off a vice completely rather argues that a man is in some fear of this weakness. That isn't so in my case. After figuring it all out carefully and calmly, I decided that I didn't want to play poker any more. The game no longer has any hold on me. And just to show that I've got the gambling itch under perfect control, I think I ought to play just once more and then, of course, immediately quit again.

I think I'll do that. There's a game next Saturday. I'll show the people in the Thanatopsis that my rebellion is not a passing whim. If I play next Saturday, I won't stay until all hours, like the other hopeless slaves of the gambling fever. Twelve o'clock is plenty late enough. Or, at any rate, that's a good time to begin just one more round.

Yes, I will play next Saturday. That will be complete evidence that I'm no addict. I'll show them that I can take it or let it alone.

THE END

ATWATER KENT RADIO



One person hears it in another person's home....

and that's the way Atwater Kent Sets are sold

For in the homes of Atwater Kent owners, their friends are finding out that long experience makes a great difference.

In making Atwater Kent ignition systems for fine automobiles, long ago we learned that the car buyer wants something that will run all the time, that won't break down or cause worry or expense.

So with radio. Of course, a set must have distance and selectivity, tone and volume. But these are common to all good radio sets, just as speed and ease in shifting gears are common to all good automobiles.

Our sets and Radio Speakers have something more—something that you can't see—a higher type of precision and ease, learned in twenty-four years of making electrical equipment. And this higher degree of workmanship saves trouble, service bills and repairs.

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
PHILADELPHIA · PENNSYLVANIA

*Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (eastern daylight time) through stations—*WEAF *New York;* WJAR *Providence;* WEEI *Boston;* WFI *Philadelphia;* WCAE *Pittsburgh;* WGR *Buffalo;* WEAR *Cleveland;* WWJ *Detroit;* WCCO *Minneapolis-St. Paul;* WOC *Davenport;* WSAI *Cincinnati.*

MODEL 10.....$80

MODEL H Radio Speaker, $22

MODEL 24.....$100

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.

In the home of GRANTLAND RICE, *sportswriter, is installed the Model 20 Compact. This set is priced at eighty dollars.*

The PEOPLE *vs.* Evolution *in* TENNESSEE

By Philip Kinsley

P. & A. Photo

John Thomas Scopes, teacher of biology, whose arrest for imparting the theory of evolution created an issue of national interest.

P. & A. Photo

The drug store in Dayton, Tennessee, where the discussions started which led to Professor Scopes's voluntary arrest for teaching evolution.

Gov. Austin Peay, a stanch churchman.

Freedom of opinion is the root, flower, and fruit of liberty—its very essence.—ANON.

FATE grasps small things sometimes and reaches into odd corners to stir the mighty tides of human thought which determine history—a tea party in old Boston; the smile of a woman; the killing of a duke; the fall of an apple; Uncle Tom's Cabin; a casual Sunday evening drug-store discussion in a hill town in Tennessee.

At first glance, the spectacle of young John Thomas Scopes, Dayton (Tenn.) high school teacher, being dragged into a criminal court on the charge of having taught the evolutionary theory of creation might cause a smile and be dismissed as a quaint anachronism. But it has a definite significance to the average American citizen. Out of it may come a new pattern of national thought. This unusual prosecution may lead the way out of the wilderness of blue laws, because it touches at last the realm of mental freedom.

P. & A. Photo

George W. Rappleyea, chemist and mine manager, who arranged for Scopes's arrest to test the law.

"The State Legislators have told us what to drink and smoke and what to do on Sundays, and now they are telling us what to think; it don't set well."

This from a street-corner conversation in Dayton, seat of the rebellion, a community made up chiefly of devout and simple folk who have never questioned the Bible of their Anglo-Saxon pioneer fathers, who consider it divinely wrought and precious, word by word, and who are ready to fight for it if necessary with sword or vote. Is not this the home of the straight-shooting, God-fearing Sergt. Alvin York?

"I want to search this car," said a man in Tennessee to a stranger who had just driven in from the Georgia line.

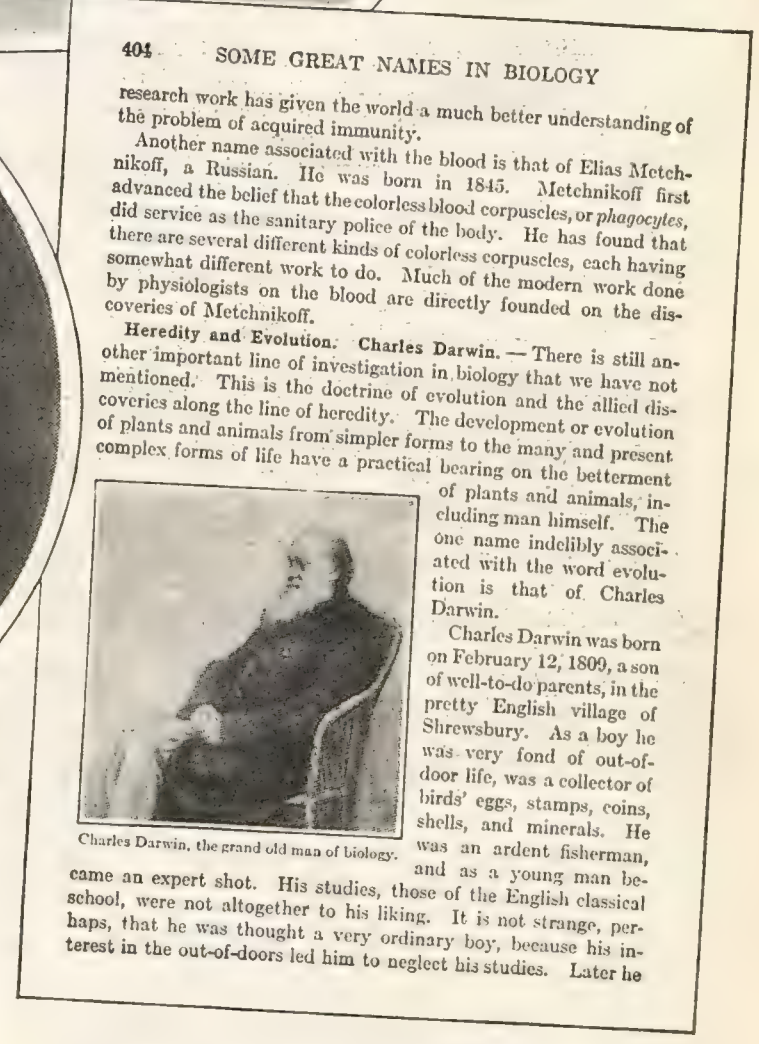
"What for?"

"Never mind! Get out!"

"Say, buddy, you'll have to grow some. I'll knock you for a row of ash cans."

A budding rebellion here. Then the opening of a coat, the splendor of a shiny star, and a grim voice ending the argument:

"I am the law."



404 SOME GREAT NAMES IN BIOLOGY

research work has given the world a much better understanding of the problem of acquired immunity.

Another name associated with the blood is that of Elias Metchnikoff, a Russian. He was born in 1845. Metchnikoff first advanced the belief that the colorless blood corpuscles, or *phagocytes*, did service as the sanitary police of the body. He has found that there are several different kinds of colorless corpuscles, each having somewhat different work to do. Much of the modern work done by physiologists on the blood are directly founded on the discoveries of Metchnikoff.

Heredity and Evolution. Charles Darwin. — There is still another important line of investigation in biology that we have not mentioned. This is the doctrine of evolution and the allied discoveries along the line of heredity. The development or evolution of plants and animals from simpler forms to the many and present complex forms of life have a practical bearing on the betterment of plants and animals, including man himself. The one name indelibly associated with the word evolution is that of Charles Darwin.

Charles Darwin, the grand old man of biology.

Charles Darwin was born on February 12, 1809, a son of well-to-do parents, in the pretty English village of Shrewsbury. As a boy he was very fond of out-of-door life, was a collector of birds' eggs, stamps, coins, shells, and minerals. He was an ardent fisherman, and as a young man became an expert shot. His studies, those of the English classical school, were not altogether to his liking. It is not strange, perhaps, that he was thought a very ordinary boy, because his interest in the out-of-doors led him to neglect his studies. Later he

A page from the book that started all the trouble—the one Scopes used in his classes.

How a Sleepy Hamlet Has Awakened the Nation with a Dramatic Battle for "the Faith of Our Fathers"

P. & A. Photo

This is the grand jury which indicted John T. Scopes for teaching evolution to the young hopefuls of Tennessee, "against the peace and dignity of the State."

William Jennings Bryan, militant defender of the fundamentalists' faith.

International Photo

P. & A. Photo

The humble school at Dayton whence Pedagogue Scopes's name was suddenly broadcast to all the nation.

"You win. Take the car."

What has all this to do with the battle of the orthodox religious crusaders against those who would rewrite the Holy Scriptures in the terms of modern science?

Just this: That in renewing this nineteenth century conflict between the static emotions, the terrific power of conservative tradition, and the passion for truth called science, the politically expressive orthodox groups in the State have brought the whole matter into sharp focus. In attempting to muzzle what the late Dr. Ernest De Witt Burton called the "divine curiosity" of the intellect they have revealed their attitude as not only audacious but menacing, their opponents declare, to the very spirit of liberty.

The fundamentalists, in standing out against agnostic scientists and the modernist movement within the church itself, are doing so in the sincere conviction that evolutionary ideas are the subtle work of the dark forces of evil that are undermining their hope for a more Christian civilization, making possible the development of a Leopold-Loeb type of youth. They would not permit any teaching that would whittle away at the foundations of belief in a personal Savior, so necessary in character building.

TO them it is a tearing away of a safe mooring rock in the world's wild sea; the removal of the great hope and comfort of mankind; a policy leading to atheism and the anti-Christ of Nietzsche. They are crusaders, carrying the banner of the cross against the cool negations of science, holding to the inspired Bible as the bulwark against the waves of sin and doubt and "personal liberty."

They believe that the majority of people are with them, and that they—rather than a handful of scientists—should dictate through Legislatures the manner of teaching which their children should receive. And if they win in Tennessee they will carry the fight all along the front.

Scientific opposition to the principle of evolution—that "dagger of darkness," that doctrine involving the mutations of all substances—has died away. It makes little difference what a Tennessee jury says about that.

It is not man's creation that is on trial, but man-made laws that would keep from being written on the empty slate of the child-mind anything of the great story of the scientific discovery of the last century, but would place there, instead, the Mosaic narrative—the story of the childhood of the race, carried in the tents of the Jews in their long desert wanderings.

"They would do that?" says young Tennessee and young America. "That is too much; let's stop them."

Aided by the church liberals, who are ready to take the evolutionary theory of the cosmos and of man's humble origin as their own new weapon for righteousness and a rational Christianity, they have appealed to the American Constitution in its most sacred guaranties of individual liberty, freedom of thought, and the right to teach truth.

Who can tell where this new rebellion may end?

In several Southern States during the last two or three years an effort has been made to write into the laws on education some of the fundamentalist beliefs concerning the divinity of Christ and the literal truth of the Bible story of the creation. Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Oklahoma have witnessed more or less successful onslaughts by the organized groups of the orthodox church.

It was in Tennessee, however, that the strongest stand was made.

Last spring two copies of William Jennings Bryan's pamphlet, Is the Bible True?, were placed on the desk of each member of the Tennessee Legislature and a quiet but vigorous campaign begun.

An attempt to introduce the Bible into the public school curricula, through the State

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Dollar

A Dollar as big as a Cart-wheel

That's the size a dollar seems that buys a Topkis Athletic Union Suit.

For Topkis has more comfort, and as much quality, as underwear that costs much more.

Topkis is at its best these outdoor-active days. Whether you are striding over the links, hiking in the hills or just quietly relaxing Topkis keeps you perfectly comfortable.

Topkis fits! Everywhere! Your choice of many fancy patterns and pajama checks in cool, fine-feeling fabric.

It costs more money to make underwear this way, but men buy so much Topkis that we can keep the price at only a dollar. Ask for Topkis at your dealer's today.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each; Boys' Union, 75c; Girls' Bloomer Union, 75c; Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. Men's Suits, $1.50, in Canada.
Buy Topkis by the box. Six Union Suits for $6.00.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 93 Worth Street, at Broadway, New York
Write for free illustrated booklet

Look for the Topkis label

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Board of Education, was defeated by one vote, that of the sole woman member, Mrs. C. B. Allen of Memphis, a Unitarian.

Another bill provided that teachers must believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. This failed. The bill which finally became a law—the violation of which started the famous Tennessee prosecution—is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals, and all other public schools of the State which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals."

The penalty was made a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars for each offense.

This was passed by a vote of 24 to 6 in the State Senate and was signed by Governor Austin Peay on March 21 last.

GOVERNOR PEAY did not expect the law would be tested. In his message he said that it represented "a distinct protest against an irreligious tendency to exalt so-called science and to deny the Bible . . . The bill contravenes neither freedom of religion nor strict separation of church and state."

The first formal protest came in the resignation of Mrs. Allen from the State Board of Education.

But it remained for two Northerners to start the real trouble.

In the hillside city of Dayton, Rhea County, where the forest creeps down to the edge of town and the great Cumberland ridges hold a sequestered people, lived two young men, George W. Rappleyea, expert chemist and mine manager, and John Thomas Scopes, teacher of biology in the city high school.

Rappleyea had come there three years before from New York, and was known as an "advanced" thinker, although he taught a Methodist Bible class every week. Keen, well read, a ready debater, he held a commanding place at the table in one of the drug stores where topics of world interest were discussed and settled with all the charm of youthful certitude.

Scopes, a popular teacher, football coach with a winning team, had come to the town a year before from the University of Kentucky. Most of his life had been spent in Illinois, and his birthplace was that same Salem, Ill., which was chosen by the parents of William Jennings and Charles W. Bryan as the place to usher their distinguished sons into the world.

During one of the Sunday eve-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tell-Tale!

Unconsciously a woman reveals important facts about herself

Little tell-tale revelations—how unconsciously they're made! An expression, a gesture, a detail of dress!

Perhaps the most unfortunate of these revelations is that which tells the world a woman is lacking in one of her most potent appeals—personal daintiness!

You know the unsightliness of rings of moisture under the arms; the ruin it means to clothing in stains that can never be blotted out.

But underarm odor—that is an even more deadly thing. For you can offend and never know it! And soap and water cannot counteract it.

The only way to outwit this old enemy is to use a scientific corrective.

More than 3 million people now use Odorono, the Underarm Toilette, as their one perfect safeguard. It was formulated by a physician for *both* perspiration odor and moisture.

Odorono is a dainty antiseptic liquid, as pleasant as a toilet water to use. Pat it gently on the underarms and you are safe for 3 days!

Physicians and nurses find it invaluable and use it extensively in hospitals.

Don't let the perspiration menace bother you. Banish all possibility of offending by the twice-a-week Odorono habit. Enjoy complete assurance of your daintiness; keep your clothing free from any taint of odor or trace of stain. Odorono will do it. At all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and $1 or sent by mail prepaid.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, 327 Blair Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian Address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto

Send for dainty sample set

RUTH MILLER
327 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)

Claire Windsor, popular star, in Metro-Goldwyn Pictures

Trim as a sport frock and so easy to carry— the DAISY BAG!

EVERY day thousands of women are learning the delightful comfort of traveling without heavy hand luggage.

All they need for the vacation trip—extra hats, dresses, underthings, slippers and toilet articles—can be conveniently carried in the smart, lightweight DAISY BAG. It is rainproof and dustproof.

DeLuxe Model, with patented hookless fastener, sells from $5.00 to $6.00, and Button Model from $3.50 to $4.25 at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

The DAISY HAT BAG

Prepare your alibi!

LAST month he had an automobile accident. He notified the insurance company in writing, but the letter miscarried, and he failed to keep a carbon copy!

Now he is in hot water, and he has no evidence to prove he acted in good faith.

With a Corona in your home, you can write letters that are neat and businesslike, and make as many clear, legible copies as are needed.

Corona Four costs only $60. Easy terms if desired. Look for Corona in your phone book or write Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 168 Main St., Groton,

CORONA
STANDARD KEYBOARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

ning sessions in the drug store, late in May, the discussion veered to the new anti-evolution law. Rappleyea said it was un-American. As an evolutionist, tracing the right to such beliefs to the writings of John Wesley himself, he argued that the law made freedom of teaching—freedom of thinking, even—impossible; that it was a vicious attempt by the church to control the State policies; that it diverted at the source the stream of fresh curiosity about man and the world that made new scientific discoveries possible; and that, finally, it was against true religion.

There were others in the room, sons of the hills, less touched by world thought, who pointed out that the pendulum of science had swung too far; that it was leading away from religion to a moral collapse and the downfall of the church.

Young Scopes, an extremely modest listener—more interested, perhaps, in athletics and normal pleasures and his job for the coming summer than in evolution—finally ventured the opinion that the State textbooks, adopted by the Governor's commission, could not be taught in the schools without violating the law.

ONE of the textbooks in question happened to be in the store, and upon turning its pages the following passages were found:

"The development or evolution of plants and animals from simpler forms to the many and present complex forms of life have a practical bearing on the betterment of plants and animals, including man himself. The one name indelibly associated with the word evolution is that of Charles Darwin."

Then followed a picture of "Charles Darwin, the grand old man of biology," and a sketch of his life, which ended as follows:

"His wonderful discovery of the doctrine of evolution . . . gave to the world the proofs of the theory on which we today base the progress of the world."

"You have been violating the anti-evolution law," Rappleyea declared.

"So has every other teacher in the State," said Scopes.

"Let's test this thing out," said the chemist. "This ought to go to the United States Supreme Court. I will have you arrested, and hire lawyers to defend you and prosecute you."

Scopes finally consented to be made the victim of a "friendly" prosecution in the interests of freedom in teaching.

Things happened swiftly the next day. Dayton, a normal community, previously had not concerned itself much with evolution or anti-evolution, but when a warrant was obtained by Rappleyea for the arrest of young Scopes the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn $150 a Week

Take orders for this wonderful suit at **$12.50**

C. E. Comer, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details.

This suit only $12.50

NOTICE

The Comer Manufacturing Co. is one of the most successful businesses of its kind in the world, with 12 years of experience back of it. It owns and occupies a modern concrete steel building with 65,000 sq. ft. of floor space where it manufactures all of its merchandise. The business has been built on the policy of giving exceptional values to customers, and fair, square treatment to its representatives.

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after $500 to $1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

Stylish, Long Wearing Suit

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

Wears Like Iron!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit. And think of it!

Tremendous Demand

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

A Miracle Suit at the Amazing Price of $12.50

Think. $12.50 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. A million suits a year is our objective. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

A Few Hours' Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

Write Today Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. 147F, Dayton, O.

MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 147F, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send at once complete details of your new $12.50 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

MAKING HAIR LOVELY

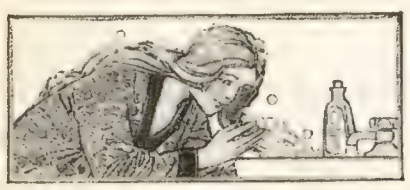
with the shampoo that
feeds while it *cleans*

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Before you wet your hair — you first rub a little TAROLEUM into your scalp.

Into the washbowl goes all the dust, grease and dandruff. Lather again and rinse well.

About five minutes of this sends the life-giving crude-oil to the hair-roots.
Then wet the head.



When dried, your hair is silky and easy to handle.
Scalp healthy!
Hair beautiful!
TAROLEUM did it.

Notice the snowy lather!

Made and guaranteed by Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Keep Slender

Are you afraid to appear in a bathing suit? Afraid of the comments of the other bathers, afraid of the comments of the watchers who themselves would never dare to show their figures?

You need not be afraid! Marmola Tablets will make your figure slender and graceful. Thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way. No exercises, no diets—eat what you want and get slender!

If you have never used Marmola Tablets, try them now. Enjoy being slender again. It's a glorious feeling.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1969 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

citizens began to find that they were aligned at once by prejudice or conviction in the case.

"He says we came from monkeys! He says the Bible isn't true!"

The younger element gathered to the support of the conspirators whose plot was destined to put God back on the first pages of the newspapers, revive the discussions of the Greek forum, and displace prohibition, baseball, and crime for a brief season in the public mind.

Scopes was held to the grand jury, and on May 24 was indicted on the mere showing of the textbooks and the testimony of several of his pupils that he had taught that man came up from the amœba in the sea, instead of standing in the image of God in that garden of lost human dreams called Eden.

Then—a strange scene in the old courthouse in Dayton, with the judge of the Criminal Court solemnly reading the first chapter of the Book of Genesis to the jury of grim and aged farmers from the hills, and their prompt decision in the form of an indictment that Scopes had departed from this teaching and had violated the State law and must be tried.

"A revival of medieval paganism," said Scopes and his friends; and they declared that those who opposed evolution were in the position of those who persecuted Galileo for teaching that the earth revolved around the sun and was not the center of the universe; those who denounced Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation as subversive of revealed religion; and those who have shed the blood of tens of thousands of "heretics."

THE Christian Fundamentalist Association leaped at once into the fray and engaged William Jennings Bryan as chief prosecutor in the case. The American Civil Liberties Union met this by employing Clarence Darrow, the defender of Loeb and Leopold, an agnostic, and a philosophic debater of first rank. John Randolph Neal, law teacher of Knoxville; John Godsey, a constitutional lawyer of Dayton, and Dudley Field Malone, New York Socialist, were added to the defense, while the State was also represented by A. T. Stewart, attorney general of the circuit, and four young but conservative lawyers of Dayton, Sue K. Hicks, Herbert Hicks, Gordon McKenzie, and Wallace Haggard.

And the character of the case changed from a friendly test to a determined fight. Rappleyea withdrew as prosecutor for Professor Walter White, superintendent of schools, a sincere fundamentalist who believed that the textbooks should be rewritten in accordance with the new law.

The attitude of the defense from the first has been to keep the case to straight constitutional issues, both State and Federal. Mr. Darrow and Mr. Godsey held that while the Legislature could control the schools, it could not do so in contravention of a fundamental principle of American liberty; that it could not impose a religious doctrine upon school instruction and deny instruction to children in natural science.

This brought the statement from Mr. Bryan that evolution was only a "guess" of the scientists, anyway; and he estimated that half of these deny a personal God and a personal immortality.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science came to the aid of the defense. The council of this association had gone on record as follows:

"There is no ground whatever for the assertion that these evidences [concerning the evolution of plants, animals, and man] constitute a mere guess. They are sufficient to convince every scientist of note in the world that the theory of evolution is one of the most potent of the great influences for good that have thus far entered into human experience, and that to limit its teaching could not fail to injure and retard the advancement of knowledge and of human welfare by denying the freedom of teaching and inquiry which is essential to all progress."

The eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica says:

"Writers on biological subjects no longer have to waste space in weighing evolution against this or that philosophical theory or religious tradition; philosophical writers have frankly accepted it, and the supporters of religious tradition have made broad their phylacteries to write on them the new words."

But not in Tennessee. Prejudice against the "new words" is so deep that even before the trial the defense lawyers were discounting an adverse jury verdict and making plans for their major case before the State and Federal Supreme Courts, with emphasis upon the latter.

Evolution is more than a word. It is a doctrine built up by science after hundreds of years of patient research into life's origins, the mother sea, the plant world, the story of rocks, the human embryo, comparative anatomy — pushing back the Garden of Eden two million years, picturing the march of humanity out of the jungles through slow, remorseless geologic ages.

And fundamentalism is more than a word. It clings to the valleys of life and guards as a shepherd the flocks of the child world from the storms of doubt, the loss of faith, the welter of a world without moral authority. Where Science ends Religion challenges life with the spiritual man and the God of Love.

THE END

Personalities of Paramount

BETTY BRONSON

Watch a tropical sky in the evening. Suddenly a star appears where there was only deep blue before. So with Betty Bronson! A little while ago, who had heard of her? Today, who hasn't? And the world gave welcome to more than a perfect Peter Pan, glorious as that was!—welcome to the kid spirit of happy play within us all, healthy as the red of the apple and mischievous as kitten with work basket. Goodbye deep blues, now Betty's Paramount stardom has dawned!

Her new season Paramount Pictures will be A Kiss for Cinderella, Not So Long Ago and The Golden Princess.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

Congratulations if you picked Raymond Griffith last season as the biggest rising star in comedy!

And he's even more than that! Watch the gymnast! A jumping cracker for agility, giving us all more unexpected laughs than a gold-fish takes turns in a bowl.

Perhaps you remember the silk hat comedian in Changing Husbands, The Night Club or Forty Winks. His new season Paramount Pictures will be made by Paramount's special comedy production unit—the finest feature comedies on the screen.

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
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Paramount Pictures

Make more of your life with Paramount

Are you waiting for life to come to you, perpetually hoping that tomorrow will bring a good time?

Take care you don't wait in vain!

Much better to go half-way to meet life's great Shows!

You have a schedule of Work. Get a schedule of Play. Don't let life cheat you of the hours that thrill! They are the silver lining of the clouds of either dish-washing or business worries!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and you will realize this message is more than an ordinary advertisement.

All of us, rich or poor, with smooth hands or rough, have a right to a certain amount of healthy excitement every day that dawns—to entertainment—to adventure—to the thrill of swift happenings that show the life of men and women in its most vivid phases.

Modern work contains an over-proportion of routine. You fall spiritually sick unless you balance it with modern play, the great Paramount Pictures.

See one tonight at the nearest good theatre and notice the feeling of satisfaction and contentment that pervades you as you go home. You have *lived!*

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Children Prefer These *Double-Thick* Corn Flakes

Frequently little folks balk at drinking as much wholesome milk as they should have every day. Tempt them with golden, crisp Post Toasties, the *Double-Thick Corn Flakes*. Post Toasties being *Double-Thick* have all the satisfying flavor of the corn. Important too, they hold their crispness, to the last flake at the very bottom of the bowl. Because they never mush-up or become soft and soggy, children prefer them and adults too. Ask for Post Toasties by name. Look for the red and yellow wax-wrapped carton. Send today for the free test package.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Dept. 7-113
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Makers of—Post Health Products: Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts.

Note—Canadian Address—Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Make the milk or cream test for corn flakes crispness. Send for free test package.

Post Health Products

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White Photo, from the Albert Davis Collection

Notables of the stage in The Great Suggestion, an old-time Friars' Frolic skit—From left to right: First table, Earle Browne, George M. Cohan, George (Honey Boy) Evans, Willard Coxey, Fred Niblo, and Tom Lewis; second table, Harry Kelly, Francis X. Hope, John Murray, and Julian Eltinge; third table, William Collier, Emmett Corrigan, Sam Forrest, Raymond Hitchcock, and Sam Harris.

Sam Harris—

from NEWSBOY *to* MILLIONAIRE

Presenting Broadway's King of Melodrama in a Real Life Thriller All His Own

By Hugh Fullerton

Bangs Photo

Sam H. Harris, famous theatrical producer.

"SAM H. HARRIS presents." You see those words on the theater programs of more New York successes than you can remember. But Sam H. Harris never presented a play with the grip, the human interest, the thrills, or the comedy which have been condensed into his own life.

He has presented more than two hundred and fifty theatrical productions, been broke five times, controls five theaters, owns or is interested in a score of attractions, and has scored the smallest percentage of flops and the largest number of "wows" of any manager.

He has succeeded because he always loved the show business, because he knows life, and because he never has been beaten in spirit. He says, "A man may be busted, but he is never broke until the world finds out he is." His favorite show is a melodrama, because his life has been one continuous melodrama. He is as proud of the fact that he was the best messenger boy in the Wall Street district as he is of having given the world Secrets, Six Cylinder Love, Welcome Stranger, or Rain.

He is as proud of having discovered Terry McGovern and managed him as of building half a dozen of the finest theaters in the country. He is as proud of having developed the business of supplying towels to New York offices as of discovering a new playwright.

The secret of Harris' success is that he never has been ashamed to do well whatever work he had to do and his refusal to admit defeat. Both of which he ascribes to "luck."

Harris was born at Mulberry and Pine Streets, in New York City, near "the Bend"—the heart of the melting pot of the lower East Side—of poor parents. He was a newsboy, and when he was twelve he became errand boy for J. Lichtenstein & Son, on Grand Street, at two dollars and a half a week. Between errands he went to school.

When Harris was about thirteen he got a job as an A. D. T. messenger and continued to run messages for three years, during which time he tried for other jobs. The big turning point in his life came when he became acquainted with Billy McLain, who had been in the show business. McLain told him there was a chance to make some money, and they formed a partnership. Governor's Hall was the scene of the first venture of Sam Harris as an impresario. A banner was strung in front of the hall announcing The Lively Two, who gave dances, preceded by a show, at which Harris, McLain, and other hungry actors entertained. Prizes were awarded at each entertainment.

The venture prospered for a time, then fell upon evil days, and the show broke up in a row. But the bug of the theater had bitten Harris. He still worked for the messenger service, but in his spare time acted as messenger from backstage in Miner's Bowery Theater. Here he achieved his first success in handling men.

Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man, was perhaps the greatest monologue artist of his time, but was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"Next to myself I like 'B.V. D.' best"

We Want You to be Properly Fitted!

FOR the maximum of union suit comfort, be correctly measured for "B.V. D."

"B.V.D." Union Suits come in "regular". "stout", "long", "long-stout", "short-stout" and "youths'" sizes—over sixty in all.

Your proper union suit size can always be determined by three simple, encircling, tape-measurements: (1) chest, (2) waist, (3) trunk (under the crotch and over the shoulder).

Your dealer, measuring you "the 'B.V.D.' way", for "B.V.D.", should be able to give you such complete comfort as cannot otherwise be attained.

If you or the retailer are in any doubt as to your size, write The B.V.D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York City, giving your waist, chest, and trunk measurements, and your problem will receive immediate attention.

"B.V.D."
Union Suit
(Patented Features)
Men's $1.50 the suit
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Men's "B.V.D." Underwear in fancy materials at various prices

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

871

What Men Know Without Studying

—is that the crotch is one important place where the fit of ordinary underwear just isn't! But it's where the remarkable comfort of "B.V.D." just begins!

"B.V.D." fits all over—shoulder to knee—with that "Famous Fit" which has steadily increased its unparalleled popularity for so many years. But at the crotch, which counts so much for comfort, the vast superiority of "B.V. D." garments is particularly marked.

About the only perfect solution ever devised for the intricate "crotch-problem" in athletic union suits, is the celebrated patented "B. V. D." closed crotch. It gives complete coverage without surplus trunk-length or needless, uncomfortable material.

In the ever-popular "B. V. D." two-piece suits distinctive cut and tailoring achieve the highest ease at all points, with neither too much nor too little fullness.

All "B.V. D." garments are distinguished for their shaped lines and graceful proportions, for their accurate finish and unvarying quality.

They hold their shapeliness, too, through such wash and wear as would play havoc with ordinary underwear. For they are tailored with lock-stitched, "can't-rip" seams; and their cool, super-durable nainsook is woven in our own mills, treated by special processes in our own bleachery, and used in "B.V.D." and no other underwear.

To avoid those underwear "regrets" which rise so sharply with the thermometer—

GET THE UNDERWEAR YOU ASK FOR!

THERE IS ONLY ONE "B.V.D."
INSIST UPON THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

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The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

hard to handle. For some reason he took a fancy to Harris. He would do anything the boy suggested, and it became Harris' job to get Kelly to the theater and get him home.

Harris was determined to be a showman. He had become acquainted with Al Woods, who now is one of his competitors, and they joined forces to promote shows. Every holiday time they collected aggregations of moneyless actors, and played such centers as Stapleton, Astoria, Hohokus, and Tottenville, and once went as far as Boonton, New Jersey.

He was learning—and in a hard school of experience. It was a battle to secure a foothold in the amusement world; and about that time a chance came which threatened to take Sam H. Harris out of the amusement field entirely. He discovered that New Yorkers needed clean towels in their offices.

Harris heard of a man who agreed to furnish a cabinet, a comb, soap, and towels for seventy-five cents a week, and to give an agent one dollar for each customer secured. Harris took the agency.

He found New York office buildings all cluttered up with soiled towels. The first afternoon he signed fifteen customers, and went back to draw his commission. The man who had evolved the plan threw up his hands. He didn't have fifteen cabinets to deliver. It looked like a flop.

But Harris stuck to the job and later became manager of a towel supply company, and the man who hired him is rich today.

During these months Harris had time to spare, and he never wasted time. He came to another turning point.

ONE evening he went to Brooklyn to see a boxing match, and saw a little wildcat tearing into a bigger man and beating him to earn five dollars. Harris made a deal with the boxer and became manager of a boy who was afterward regarded by many as the greatest boxer America ever saw —Terrible Terry McGovern.

McGovern's ring career is history. He swept all before him. There were not the fortunes in the fight game then there are now, and with his love of melodrama strong upon him, Harris planned to make McGovern an actor.

After McGovern had defeated Pedlar Palmer at Tuckahoe, Harris began to stage that remarkable series of productions which upset the calculations of the wisest theatrical producers and caused a revival of the old days of American melodrama. Theodore Kramer had written The Fatal Wedding, in which McGovern appeared, and which proved one of the greatest successes of the American stage. Then Harris rejoined Al Woods and presented Terry in The Bowery After Dark, The Road to Ruin, and Fame and Fortune. They made money.

In 1902 Harris came to another turning point without even knowing it. During an outing of actors he was introduced to George M. Cohan, who was a baseball bug. The actors then played a ball game, Harris being the pitcher and Cohan the catcher, and that day formed a battery which stuck together sixteen years. Cohan went on the road with the Four Cohans, playing Running for Office, while Harris, who had become wealthy and had a stable of race horses, continued at melodrama and horse racing, although they had agreed to team up and produce something.

Harris, at that time, had fourteen star thoroughbreds racing on New York tracks.

"I began to learn that I didn't know as much about horses and racing as I thought," he admitted. "In fact, I was going broke about as fast as possible, and the stable had dwindled to seven horses, a trainer, and Terry McGovern's brother, who was a jockey. The horses couldn't win around New York, so I shipped them to the Narragansett meeting to pick up some easy purses.

"THE day I was starting I met Joe Vendig, who told me to pick him up a nice bulldog. The first day I saw a fine dog belonging to a horseman, and offered him a hundred dollars for it. He refused to sell. My horses didn't win. I couldn't pay to send my horses back to New York unless I won a race, so I put three of them in a six-horse race. They finished fourth, fifth, and sixth.

"I was feeling blue after the race, and met the fellow who owned that dog.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' I said, with a sudden inspiration. 'You see those seven horses over there? I'll trade them to you for that dog.'

"He thought I was joking. I told him I'd make out a bill of sale right there. We made the deal, and Vendig got a nice dog.

"I was broke and in debt, but I didn't dare let any of that gang on Broadway know it. I had a chance to produce a play, and wired to Cohan, who was in Texas, offering to produce Running for Office. He wired back, 'Forget Running for Office. I've written a knockout called Little Johnny Jones.'

"When Cohan got back to New York I decided it wouldn't do to let him know I was broke. We discussed the play and made all plans for production. Finally I had to confess. 'Say,' I remarked, 'before we go any further, I want you to know I'm broke.' Cohan only said, 'You haven't anything on me, kid.'

"There we were with a perfectly good piece, all ready—and no money. I knew a man in Philadelphia who, I thought, might let me have the money, so I went there to ask him. We were in a barroom. He didn't drink, but I had to take a shot to nerve myself to ask him. I told him I wanted to borrow fifteen thousand dollars. He didn't say a word, except to order another drink. I was hard hit, and took the drink. We walked up Chestnut Street, and I finally put out my hand and said, 'Well, good-by. I'd better catch my train home.' 'Home? Aren't you going to take that money with you?'

"You want the gladdest moment of my life? It was just then. We went to a bank, where he drew fifteen thousand and gave it to me.

"THAT was the slowest train that ever ran between Philadelphia and New York. I jumped off as soon as it stopped, and telephoned Cohan.

"'I've been to Philadelphia and got fifteen thousand,' I yelled.

"'Good,' he yelled back. 'Work Brooklyn tomorrow.'

"Anyhow, we produced Little Johnny Jones, which proved a knockout. George and I were together from that day until 1919, when the theatrical strike occurred, and he quit."

The Cohan-Harris partnership was one of the historic successes of the theater. They produced Little Johnny Jones, George Washington, Jr., Yankee Prince, Forty-five Minutes from Broadway, The American Idea, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Seven Keys to Baldpate, and any number of other tremendous successes.

After the actors' strike led to the dissolution of the Cohan-Harris partnership Harris got busier than ever. Among other things, he produced Welcome Stranger, The Honey Girl, The Hottentot, The Nervous Wreck, Captain Applejack, Rain, Secrets, The Hero, Six Cylinder Love, The Champion, and a score of others.

He built the George M. Cohan Theater, the Bronx Opera House, and the Harris Theater in New York City, and the Harris and the Selwyn in Chicago. He and Cohan had the Grand in Chicago, and leased the Astor in New York, and had fifty per cent of the Gaiety.

"It's a tough business," he confessed. "There is more money lost in theaters than is made. We are betting on what an audience will like, and it is impossible to tell. I have a piece now which I think is the worst I ever saw, but which sets the audiences wild. I've produced some I thought were the best in the world which set them wild in another way.

"Broke? Being broke doesn't mean anything. It's a great mistake for a man who goes broke to stop. He should keep right on. For while a man has confidence in himself and in his business he isn't broke."

THE END

Give yourself the mastery of writing and a whole new world opens

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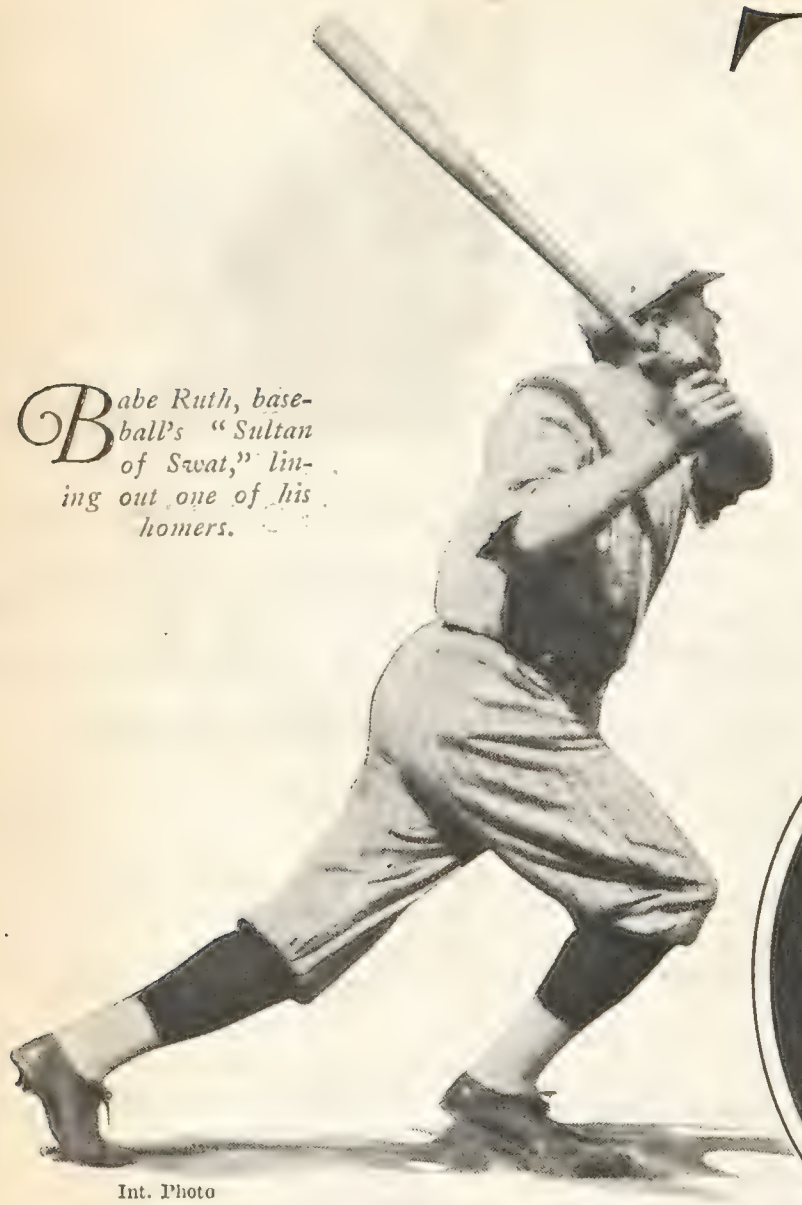
TWENTY YEARS
A Big League
UMPIRE



Babe Ruth, baseball's "Sultan of Swat," lining out one of his homers.

Int. Photo

Wide World Photo

Walter Johnson, Washington's veteran "speed king," now playing his nineteenth year in the major leagues.

Tris Speaker, the Cleveland slugger who in 1916 broke Ty Cobb's long reign as the American League's leading swatter.

From Billy Evans' Collection

Wide World Photo

Ed Walsh, once superpitcher of the Chicago White Sox.

CHAPTER V.
THE GREATEST PLAYS I EVER SAW

FOR nearly twenty-five years, twenty of them in the majors, I have been calling plays right and wrong. If you would believe fandom, mostly wrong.

It has been my very good fortune to have been the umpire in some of the greatest games that have been played in the last twenty years in the majors. I have picked out the high spots in these contests, the unusual happenings, the superlatives of baseball, to dwell on in this article.

I umpired the first game Walter Johnson ever pitched. I marveled as he turned back the slugging Detroit Tigers in his big league debut, using nothing but a fast ball. That was all he knew. He boasted no curve, slow one, or change of pace; simply burning speed.

Johnson, in that game, as well as many others in the early part of his career, attempted to keep the opposition from hitting the ball by throwing it so fast the batters couldn't see it.

That may sound like wild exaggeration, but it isn't. I can truthfully say Johnson is the only pitcher who ever caused me to blink behind my heavy wire mask. His speed in the early days was so great that every now and then, much to my disgust, I would find myself closing my eyes and calling them. That's a first-time confession. However, it never caused any trouble, as the batsman was doubly handicapped when pitted against Johnson. Every now and then, after calling a strike with Johnson pitching, the batter would turn and say to me:

WHILE Billy Evans gives bits of his life story in the various installments of his reminiscences, each installment is practically a complete unit in itself, dealing with some one topic arising from his twenty years' experience in umpiring big league baseball games. In this installment he discusses what seem to him the greatest plays in the various departments—pitching, batting, and fielding—of the national game.

"What was that last one, Bill—a fast one or curve?" Such a query usually brought a look of indignation from me. Then the batter would reply:

"I'm not kidding or kicking. I really didn't see the last one, and I was wondering whether it was a fast one or curve."

An umpire, watching the different teams perform day in and day out, year after year, sees many unusual things. I have officiated in more than three thousand major league games and more than fifty World Series contests. If I touched briefly on the many events worthy of mention, I could fill a large-sized volume.

Back in 1908, working a series in New York between Washington and the Yankees, then nicknamed the Highlanders, I saw Walter Johnson, really in his first year in the majors (Johnson had joined Washington late in the fall of 1907), shut the New York club out in three straight games.

The first game was played on Friday, September 4, 1908, Washington winning, 3 to 0, Johnson allowing only six hits. The second game was played Saturday, September 5, Washington this time winning, 6 to 0, only four hits being made off Johnson's delivery. In those days Sunday ball was not legalized in New York, and Walter had a day of rest. Monday was Labor Day, with two games scheduled for the afternoon. Joe Cantillon, then managing Washington, announced if Johnson shut New York out in the third game he would send him back for the fourth successive start.

New York used Jack Chesbro, famous "spit ball" pitcher, in an effort to break the shutout epidemic. Johnson proceeded to turn in the best game of the three, again blanking New York, this time 4 to 0, allowing only two hits.

In the late innings of the third game Johnson was hit on the right arm by one of Chesbro's fast-breaking "spit balls." The game had to be delayed five minutes before Walter was able to resume play. He finished the game under difficulties. During the intermission the

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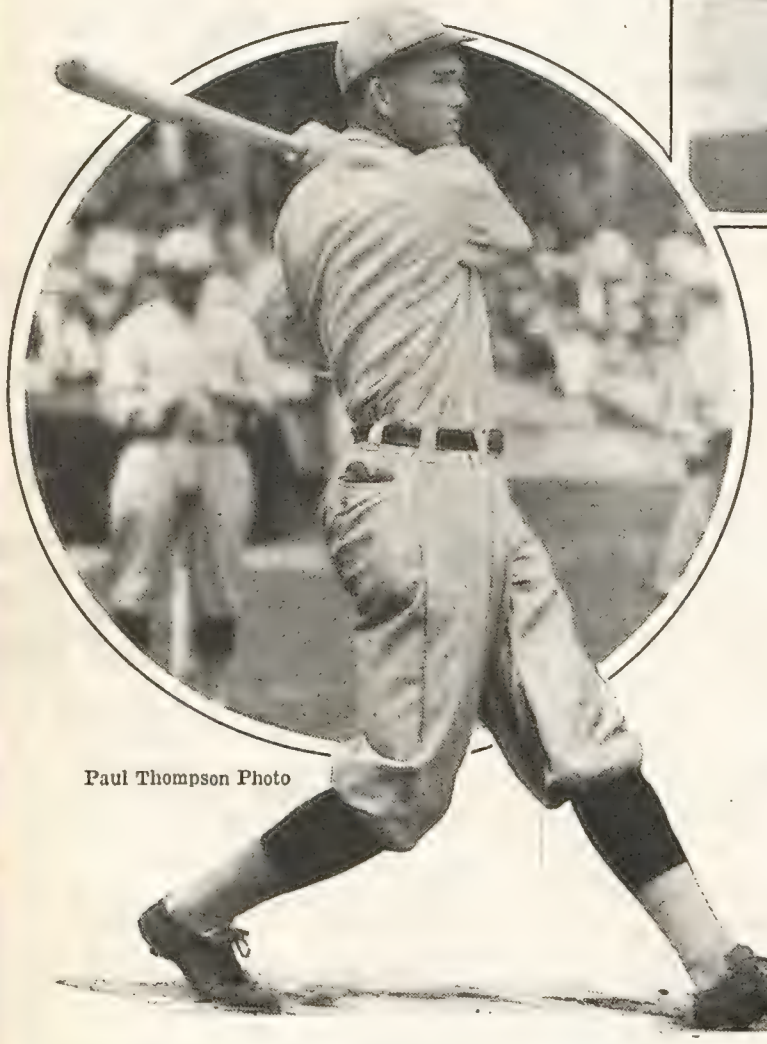
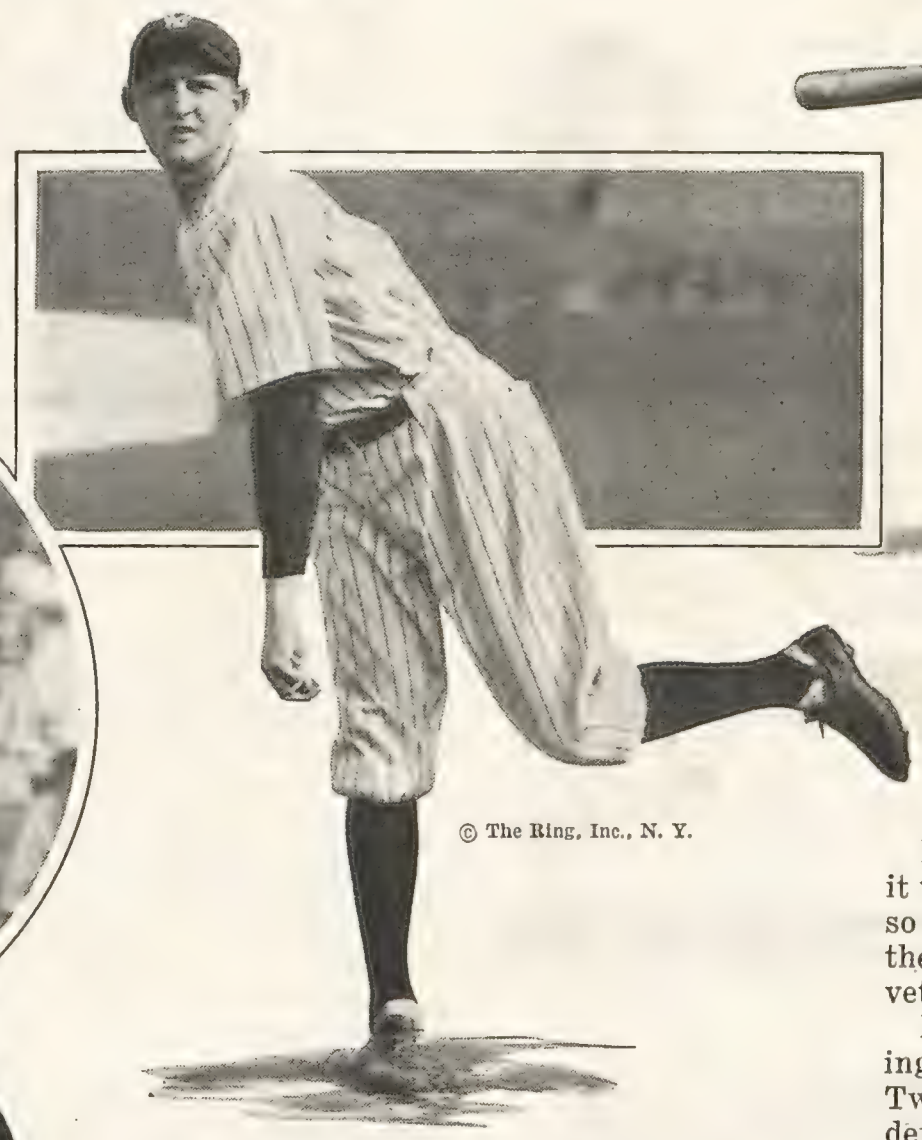
By Billy Evans

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League



Paul Thompson Photo

Rogers Hornsby, the St. Louis player who has been the greatest batter in recent years in the National League.



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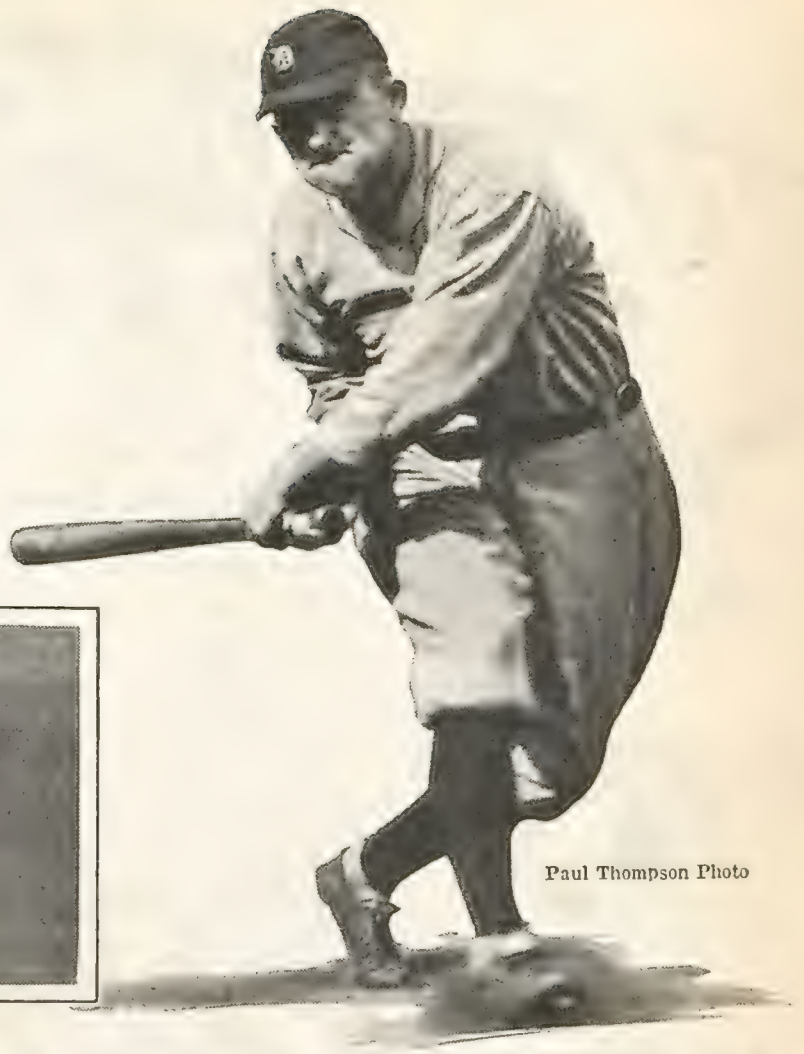
Herb Pennock, the Yankee hurler who, Evans says, in 1923 put up the gamest pitching battle in Evans' long experience.



Paul Thompson Photo

Detroit's peerless Ty Cobb, the leading batter of all time, according to Billy Evans.

arm became so stiff and badly swollen that it was impossible to use him in the fourth game, as Cantillon had advertised he would.

I rate those three games by Johnson as the greatest bit of hurling of all time. Three shut-outs in three consecutive games, allowing six, four, and two hits in each, respectively, there being an improvement rather than a deterioration in each game, is, to my way of thinking, a most remarkable pitching effort—one that should stand for all time.

ABOUT the time Walter Johnson was breaking into the majors Ed Walsh was at the height of his career. Walsh will go down in the records as a superpitcher, if there ever was one. He pitched his arm and heart out long before he should have been through. In reality, he gave about sixteen years of pitching in eight seasons.

Old fans will readily recall the great work Walsh did for the Chicago White Sox in 1908. He kept his team in the running from start to finish, only to see the championship lost in the final game of the season.

During that eventful season Walsh took part in sixty-six ball games, more than one-third the number played by his club. If the modern pitcher wins twenty ball games, he has had a big year. Fifteen victories is considered a respectable showing, yet in 1908 Walsh won forty games for Chicago, losing only fifteen, and getting a draw in one.

His best pitching performance that season was a 1 to 0 defeat in which he struck out fifteen Cleveland batters in eight innings. He forced the late Addie Joss to set a world's record to beat him, Chicago failing to get a run or hit, not a man reaching first base. It was a trick of fate that so wonderful a feat should bring only defeat.

To my way of thinking, however, the greatest exhibition of pitching I ever saw Walsh give was crammed into one crucial ninth inning. Walsh has since told me he virtually ended his major league career in that inning. Something snapped in his arm as he pitched the final strike of the game. His arm went lame. Despite all kinds of medical attention, it never regained its strength. He pitched some good ball afterward, but only spasmodically.

But to get back to that all-important inning. Chicago was playing at St. Louis in the opening game of the season. Lange was the Chicago pitcher. For seven innings he went along in fine style, holding a one-run margin. In the eighth he wabbled, but managed to escape unharmed. It was evident, however, that he was weakening fast.

Despite the fact that Lange was wavering, it was hoped he would be able to finish. It was so cold that Jimmy Callahan, then managing the Chicago club, didn't want to ask any of his veterans to warm up for relief work.

Lange started the ninth inning badly, walking the first batsman on four pitched balls. Two more passes, and the sacks were loaded; defeat for Chicago was imminent. Then I heard one of the Chicago players yell, "Time!" Looking toward the Chicago bench, I saw Ed Walsh place a slippery-elm tablet in his mouth and take a drink of water. Walsh, a "spit ball" pitcher, used slippery elm to increase the flow of saliva, thereby helping him in making the ball break more deceptively. Then he started for the pitcher's box, removing his sweater as he went, handing it to Lange as that player walked out of the box.

SWINGING his arm around in a circle to loosen it up, then throwing the five balls permitted a relief pitcher, Walsh settled to his work.

Walsh threw just ten balls in that inning to retire the three St. Louis batters on strikes. At seven of his pitches the opposing hitters swung and missed, two were called strikes and one a ball. Not so much as a foul was made off his delivery. Absolutely cold, with the bases filled, no one out, and working on a one-run margin, Walsh retired three of the best hitters of the St. Louis club on strikes.

Willingness to work at all times and under all conditions soon told on even a pitcher with so powerful a physique as Walsh's. He paid the penalty by shortening his big league career at least five years.

In this connection it might be well to comment upon the freakiest bit of pitching I have ever observed. This queer bit of twirling marked the debut of Ray Keating, a clever "spit ball" pitcher.

New York was playing St. Louis, and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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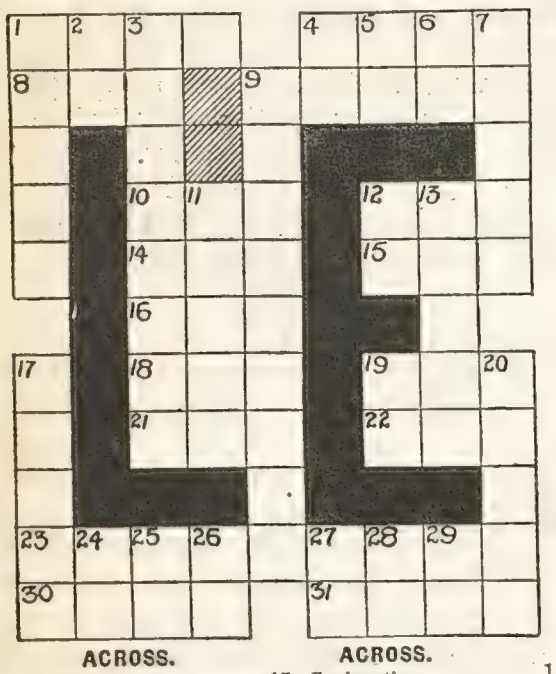

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ACROSS.

1. Short poem (Pl.).
4. At one time.
8. Commander of a regiment (Abbr.).
9. Tree grown food.
10. Name of Japanese statesman.
12. Mineral metal substance.
14. Daughter of one's brother or sister (Phonetic).
15. Conjunction.
16. Popular make of thread (Abbr.).
18. Revolve (Phonetic).
19. Eastern State (Abbr.).
21. Before.
22. To employ.
23. A slice of beef.
30. Used on snow.
31. Snakelike fish (Pl.).

DOWN.

1. To happen.
2. To perform.
3. Largest natural lake in Southern California.
4. Conjunction.
5. Not second hand (Phonetic).
6. 101 (Roman numerals).
7. Used in operations.
9. Devoid of frost.
11. Highest male voice.
12. Not off.
13. Thorny flower (Pl.).
17. Wild apple (Pl.).
19. Atmospheric moisture (Phonetic).
20. Fluid dripping (Pl.).
24. 12th letter of alphabet (Phonetic).
25. Electrical engineer (Abbr.).
26. Fights fire (Abbr.).
27. Beverage (Phonetic).
28. Errors excepted (Abbr.).
29. Organization of American ex-service men (Abbr.).

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

latter team was leading by a one-sided score. In the first of the eighth the Yankees used a pinch hitter for the pitcher and Keating was delegated to finish the inning.

Keating made a most unusual debut. He gave three bases on balls and struck out three men; the count on every batter was three balls and two strikes, when he either received a base on balls or struck out. Keating walked the first, third, and fifth batter. There was plenty of drama when the sixth batter faced him, with the bases filled, the second and fourth having fanned.

Getting the count to three balls and two strikes, Keating put two over, the batsman fouling both. The next pitch was one of those doubtful ones, just at the knee or below. The batsman thought the pitch was low and took it. I thought otherwise and called it a strike, retiring the side. Naturally the batsman was utterly disgusted at my ruling and didn't refrain from saying so.

I am sure it was the wildest inning I ever have umpired. Six batters up, three passes and three strike-outs and three balls and two strikes on every batter before reaching a safe or out decision.

THERE is one no-hit game that is indelibly written on my memory. It was a superb bit of pitching against one of the hardest hitting teams in the annals of baseball. Detroit was the victim; Charley Robertson, then just a recruit pitcher of the Chicago White Sox, turned the trick.

It was in the spring of 1922. Robertson was comparatively unknown; the Detroit club was regarded as a pennant possibility. There came to the majors with Robertson a rumor that he "doctored" the ball.

In the first four innings Detroit sluggers hit a half dozen balls hard, but always directly at some fielder. The Tigers were peeved. Unable to get the ball safe, they began to look for an alibi. The contention was raised that Robertson was "doing something funny" to the ball.

Realizing the value of psychology and knowing the Detroit club was paying close attention to his every action, Robertson decided to play on their emotions. Often, before delivering the ball, he would carefully scan the cover. Occasionally he would hold the ball in one hand and pass the other hand over the cover, as if smoothing down or making a rough spot. He would toss the ball in the air, as if testing out its weight. He did any number of other fool things further to excite the curiosity of the Tigers.

How well he succeeded in his efforts is shown by the box score.

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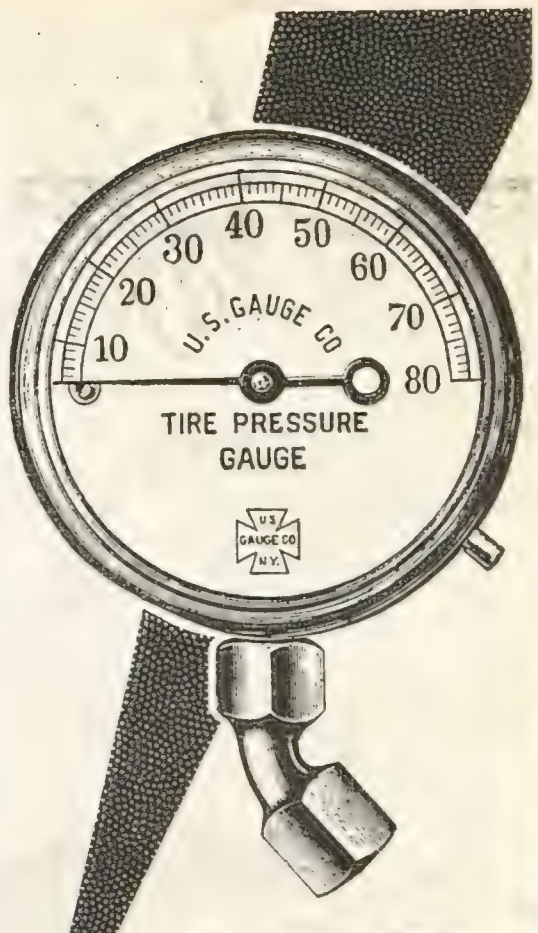

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Detroit was blanked without a hit or a run, not a man reaching first base. During the last five innings Detroit didn't hit a single hard drive off his delivery. Instead of trying to hit the ball, they had sought to fathom the reason for its deceptive breaks.

I have worked in consecutive shut-out performances, hitless games, extra-inning contests, freak innings. Yet none of these performances made the impression on me that a World Series game pitched by Herb Pennock in 1923 did.

It was the third meeting between the two New York clubs in a World Series. The Giants had won both previous clashes despite the fact that the Yankees got away to a two-game lead in the first meeting.

The Giants had something like seven consecutive World Series wins to their credit over the Yanks. Defeat in the first game, after getting away to a three-run lead, certainly wouldn't bolster up the courage of the American League entry. The old mental hazard seemed to grip the Yanks.

THE first game of the 1923 series was a repetition of other World Series games between the two clubs. The Yanks got away to a three-run lead, which the Giants overcame; then the Giants were tied, only to win by a home run in the ninth by the veteran Casey Stengel.

At this stage of the hostilities Pennock, a slim southpaw, looking more like a high school boy than an experienced big leaguer, entered on the scene.

The frail Pennock proved conclusively that a smart southpaw with control could trouble the Giants. He turned the National Leaguers back, 4 to 2, and gave the Yanks their first World Series victory since 1921; for, in 1922, the best Miller Huggins' team could get was a tie in the five games played.

That victory, made possible by Pennock's masterly pitching, made it apparent to the Yanks that the Giants could be beaten and gave them new hope.

The next game was a 1 to 0 victory for the Giants. A victory by Bob Shawkey for the Yankees made the series even up. Joe Bush won the fifth, 8 to 1, giving the Yanks the edge.

The sixth game was unquestionably the crucial spot of the series. Huggins entrusted the hopes of the Yankees to Pennock despite the fact that he had relieved Shawkey in the eighth inning of the fourth game with the bases filled, stopping a Giant rally.

Pennock can stand just so much work and no more. It was apparent to me at the start of the sixth game that he was far from right. Working in his third game in five

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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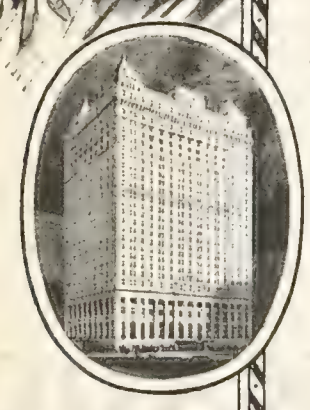

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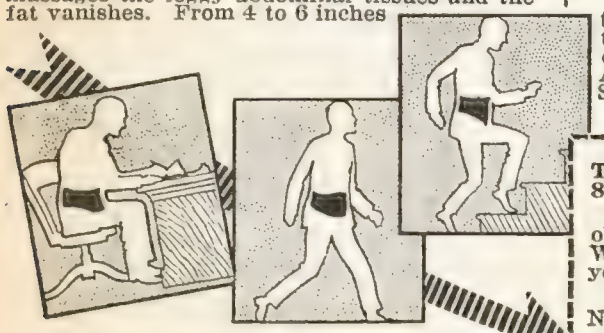

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

days, two of which he started, had taken its toll. He didn't have all his stuff, but he did have his customary excellent control and poise.

In the first inning a home run by Babe Ruth staked Pennock to a one-run lead. He wasn't to hold it long. Three hits in the Giants' half evened the count.

Two hits gave the Giants a run and sent McGraw's club to the front in the fourth. In the next inning a home run by Frank Snyder increased the Giants' margin. In the sixth inning Frisch's triple and Meusel's single added another count.

Throughout the game Pennock had been batted hard, much more solidly than the ten hits showed. Realizing he didn't have his stuff, Pennock matched wits with every batter, depending on his great control to help him out. As a result, he was constantly in trouble. Often, with the count three and two, he was forced to take a chance and "groove" the next pitch. In consequence, any number of hard-hit drives resulted, but always they seemed to go directly into the hands of a Yankee fielder.

YET, during all the bombardment, all the tough breaks, Pennock never once faltered. It took courage to keep fighting as the Giants increased their lead with almost every inning. Pennock, however, went about his work, trusting that sooner or later the Yankees might get a break and profit thereby.

That break came in the eighth inning, when Nehf, who had held the Yanks to two hits, suddenly lost control. After allowing two hits, he passed the next two men on eight pitched balls. That was enough for Nehf, thought McGraw. Nehf was relieved by Ryan, who also was wild. Before the inning was over the Yankees had made five runs—enough to win the game, 6 to 4, and capture the series.

Pennock's pitching in the sixth and deciding game of the 1923 World Series will always stand out as the most courageous, the greatest pitching performance I have ever seen.

When one thinks of batting feats, his memory immediately reverts to that superslugger, Babe Ruth. However, for consistently remarkable batting over a long period of time, it would be necessary to slip the batting laurels to Ty Cobb. His feat of leading the American League for nine consecutive years before being stopped by Tris Speaker was a marvelous achievement. Rogers Hornsby, of the National League, with five batting championships to his credit, a record for that organization, is the only present-day player with a chance to equal it.

Then there was that home run

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You're no better than your feet!

Illustration shows how LYNCO ARCH CUSHION supports bones of foot, relieving pain while foot muscles gain strength.

Don't permit yourself to suffer any longer from weak or fallen arches, or from wearing hard, unyielding arch supports.

The LYNCO Muscle-Building ARCH CUSHION is bound to relieve your trouble. It holds up the arch while gently massaging it back to normal strength and proper position.

LYNCOS are as comfortable to wear as an old slipper. Of sponge rubber with soft, pliable leather covering—**no metal parts whatever.**

Ask your own physician or shoe dealer or write us without obligation.

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A Genuine UNDERWOOD and ONLY $3 DOWN

YES, only $3 brings this genuine *Shipman-Ward* Rebuilt Standard Underwood direct from our factory, and then only small monthly payments while you are using it. Thoroughly tested and guaranteed for five years.

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Every Underwood we sell is rebuilt JUST LIKE NEW. It is dismantled to the very bottom and manufactured just like a new typewriter, with new enamel, new nickel, new platen, new key rings, new type; a complete, perfect typewriter, with back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, key shift lock, etc. **Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood,** either in appearance, durability or quality of work.

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in rebuilding typewriters, during which time over one-third of a million people have purchased our machines. What better proof could anyone ask as to the perfection of our typewriters or the integrity of this firm?

Ten Days' Free Trial

See for yourself! Try the typewriter ten days. You must be satisfied or the entire transaction won't cost you a penny. Act today. Get our big illustrated catalog and full particulars.

....FREE TRIAL COUPON....

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.,
B-170 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Send by return mail free book of facts concerning Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate me to buy.

Name.....

St. or R. F. D. No.....

Postoffice..... State.....

Banishes
GRAY HAIR
in 15 Minutes

Hundreds of thousands of American women are regaining the youthful glory of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOTOX.

And the success of these is guiding thousands more to use this, the one tint that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe.

INECTO RAPID NOTOX is a strictly scientific hair tint. It conforms with the most exacting laboratory standards.

It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent: its coloring will withstand any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish and Russian baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling. The majority of high class hair-dressers, from coast to coast, use and recommend it. It is safe, it cannot injure texture or growth; it contains no paraphenylene diamine. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it with invariable success, in the privacy of the home.

If you are concerned about your hair, Jeanne Ruere, expert of the greatest hair coloring manufacturers in the world, is ready to give you confidential advice on your particular problem.

SEND NO MONEY. Merely fill out the coupon below.

INECTO, Inc.,
33-35 W. 46th St., New York

INECTO, Inc.,
33-35 West 46th St., New York City
Please send me without cost or obligation full details of INECTO RAPID NOTOX and the Beauty Analysis Chart from AN2.

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Address .....

City..... State.....

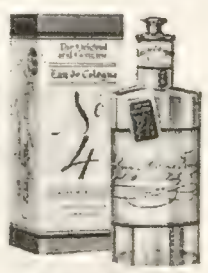
Suppose It Were Said About YOU!

How hideous! How embarrassing. Yet—*you* have heard it said about others! Many women are pitifully unaware of their ruined daintiness—and it is so unnecessary!

That is why fastidious women *take no chances.* For over two centuries *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* has been a necessary and enchanting feminine deodorant. It *neutralizes*—but does not check natural perspiration—and preserves daintiness, the most entrancing of all charms.

Eau de Cologne
№ 4

In the bath *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* is a delightful and refreshing addition; a touch of finesse after. It cleans each tiny pore—removes all excess of oils and leaves the skin soft as silk . . . a perfect base for powder. The alluring fragrance, subtle and frail, will delight you.



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My Druggist is.....
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

by Elmer Smith with the bases filled in the 1920 World Series between Cleveland and Brooklyn. That four-bagger was a regular fiction swat, coming with the bases loaded and at the expense of the best pitcher in the rival league. It is the only time that such a feat has been done in a World Series.

I have seen any number of players make five hits in a game. I have seen a few of them make six. However, for real thrills, I don't believe there ever will be anything to match Babe Ruth's sensational performance of 1921, when he made fifty-nine home runs.

Ruth's swat orgy of 1921 stands out as the greatest batting feat of all time. Aside from making the fifty-nine home runs, seven of which came in five consecutive games, he drove in one hundred and seventy runs. Unquestionably it was the peak of Ruth's meteoric career.

TRYING to select an outstanding feat of fielding is, perhaps, even more difficult than the batting task. When a remarkable fielding feat is pulled in a World Series it takes on more unusual proportions because of the importance of that championship event, baseball's classic.

I saw Bill Wambsganss make his triple play unassisted in the 1920 World Series. It was a thrilling play, yet not particularly difficult. I seriously doubt if I ever saw a more thrilling play in the field than that staged by Johnny Rawlings to end the 1921 World Series between the Giants and Yankees.

The 1921 series was the first meeting between the two New York clubs in the championship event. Victory was keenly desired by both teams; not only because of the prestige that went with it, but also because of the rivalry between New York's two big league entries.

The Yankees got away to a two-game lead, but when the eighth game came around (the teams were playing best five in nine that season) the Yanks were trailing, four games to three. They must win the game, or the series was finished.

An error permitted the Giants to score a run in the first inning. That one tally decided the ball game and the series.

When the ninth inning rolled around, that lone score, a gift in the opening session, looked like a mountain. However, the final inning of the series was to stage the greatest thrill.

Ruth, out of the game because of an injured arm, was sent to bat for Pipp. Much cheering by the Yankee supporters. Groans almost immediately followed when he grounded out to first.

Ward received a base on balls.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Within the means of all

Visitors from foreign countries invariably wonder at the number of telephones in America. "Why is it," they ask, "that nearly everybody in America has a telephone, while in Europe telephone service is found only in a limited number of offices and homes?"

First of all, telephone rates in the United States are the lowest in the world for the service given. Here, since the beginning, the best service for the greatest number of people has been the ideal. By constant improvement in efficiency and economy the Bell System has brought telephone service within the means of all. From the start, its rate policy has been to ask only enough to pay fair wages and a fair return on investment.

The American people are eager to adopt whatever is useful. They have found that Bell telephone service, comprehensive, prompt and reliable, connecting them with the people they wish to reach, is worth far more to them than the price charged for it.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Sell our $25 Tailored All-wool suits

Million dollar tailoring house. Special made-to-measure all wool suits retail $25. Big profits. 6 day delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Exclusive territory to capable salesmen. Outfits free. Write at once. **HOMELAND TAILORING CO.,** Dept. R, 71-79 W. Lafayette Ave., Baltimore, Md.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody." "How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." **The Morley Phone for the DEAF** is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
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44 Broad Street, New York City

This Is YOUR Chance to Make $100 a Week!

A Splendid Proposition Now Offered to Men and Women That Bring Amazing Profits for Delightful Work

Yes, if you want to make $100 a week clear, net, cash profit, this is your chance to do it.

I want to tell you how, without any training or experience, you can immediately begin to make money—how you can establish yourself in a big, profitable business, without investment, training or experience. I want to tell you how you can make at least $50 a week in spare time—how you can have a business of your own that will get bigger and more profitable day by day, how you can have hundreds of customers, an automobile of your own, and tremendous profits.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Do It

I don't care what your experience has been. I don't care what kind of work you are doing now, nor how much you are making, how old you are, or whether you are a man or woman. My proposition is so simple, so easy, so square, and so clean-cut that you are bound to make a success of it.

$750—One Month's Profit

You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, whose earnings quickly reached $750 a month. You can start at once. Within a week your profits will be pouring in. Think! R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, cleared $80 in five hours. Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, made $13 his first afternoon. B. Collander cleared $40 in his first 24 hours of work. You can do as well as any of them.

Amazing Profits Without Investment

If you write at once, we will give you free all the facts about this great business. We will tell you how, without investment, without training, you can immediately become our Authorized Representative in your territory and start making money.

350 Products

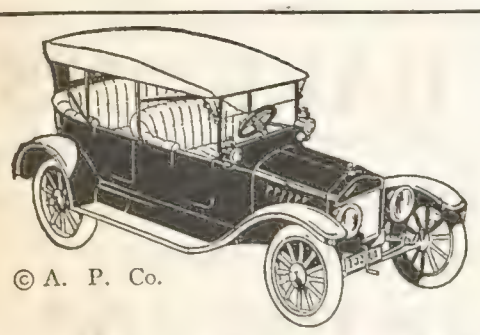
We are the originators and manufacturers of "ZANOL" products. We make delicious Food Products that are wanted and needed in every home. We make Toilet preparations, Soaps, Household and Laundry Necessities. We sell millions of products every year, direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values, fresher goods and lower prices than could otherwise be secured. We have thousands of customers in every section of the United States. And we now want a Representative in your territory through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Accept This Offer

Never before have you been offered such a proposition as this. You can't fail. Our instructions are so clear and distinct, our proposition is so clean-cut and fair, that you are bound to make a success of it at once. Men and women who were formerly salesmen, bookkeepers, farmers, merchants, skilled and unskilled workmen, teachers, preachers—people with all sorts of training and experience—have found it an easy matter to make a big success as "ZANOL" Representatives.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the facts. You do not need to risk a penny. You do not need to agree to do anything, nor pay anything. You owe it to yourself to find out about this great proposition before it is too late. So write now. Just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it to me at once.



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We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $20 a day in cash.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.

Albert Mills

President and General Manager.

Dept. 1012, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail This NOW

ALBERT MILLS, Pres.,
American Products Co.,
Dept. 1012, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Write Plainly)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Home Run Baker was sent in as pinch hitter. Here was the former Philadelphia American player who had caused the Giants so much anguish in their 1911 series with that club by his slugging proclivities. That season he faced Mathewson with the situation much the same. The score was 1 to 0, but the bases were empty. He drove a home run into the right-field bleachers, evening the count. Philadelphia won in extra innings.

While none of the Giants of 1921 had played in the 1911 series, they all knew Frank Baker and his famed home runs. There were mingled emotions when he stepped to the plate. A home run would win the ball game, even up the series, and make the ninth game necessary.

Rawlings, the substitute, was playing second base for the Giants. All through the series he had been a source of trouble for the Yankees.

When Baker came to bat, Rawlings, knowing Baker was a right-field hitter, moved far into first-base territory. Getting a pitch to his liking, Baker pulled a sizzling grounder to right that, it seemed, neither Rawlings nor Kelly had a chance to so much as knock down.

THE crowd was in an uproar. It seemed a certain two-base hit, on which Ward, who was running with the crack of the bat, would surely score. How Rawlings ever managed to reach that drive is one of the mysteries of baseball. He made a diving stop and, while entirely out of position, threw accurately to Kelly, retiring Baker.

Ward, confident the ball had gone through the infield, was dashing for third base at top speed. Grasping the situation, Kelly, a great thrower, made a riflelike shot to Frank Frisch at third.

The ball beat the runner slightly, but was a trifle to the left of the bag. Ward went into the base with a deceptive fall-away slide. Frisch, with the ball in his hand, dived headfirst into the runner and got the decision.

The game was over, the Giants had won a World Series, brought to a close by the greatest series of fielding feats I have ever seen.

Rawlings' stop was uncanny. His throw while off balance was equally great. Then came Kelly's marvelous throw to third. If the ball got away from Frisch because of a poor toss, Ward would score. To cap the climax, Frisch, by a headfirst dive, managed to get the ball on Ward a fraction of a second before he reached the bag.

Inside baseball and luck—what part do they play in winning ball games? Mr. Evans will answer this question in the sixth installment of this series, to appear in next week's issue.

For HAIR

that is hard to manage

NOW unruly hair can be made to stay in order. Smooth and softly lustrous—all day. Just a touch of Stacomb keeps your hair any way you like it.

Stacomb helps prevent dandruff too. Try this delicate cream for ten days. See how easy it is to keep your hair in place and glossier, healthier than ever before. At all drug and department stores. Non-greasy. In jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

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Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
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113 W. 18th St., New York City
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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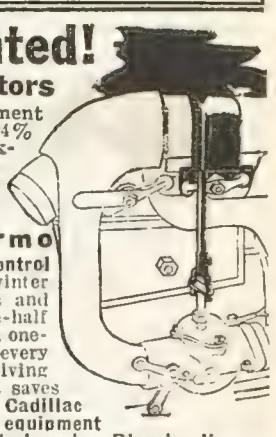
Agents Wanted!

Salesmen—Distributors

to use and introduce attachment that makes Fords run on 94% air. THERMOSTAT on exhaust automatically turns down needle valve as engine warms, exactly as Ford Manual says do by hand.



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An Automatic Carburetor Control

Makes Fords start easier winter or summer—saves half gas and oil—cuts repair bills one-half—reduces carbon formation one-half. Sells on sight to every Ford owner as easily as giving him a $100 bill, because it saves $100 every 10,000 miles. **Cadillac now uses as standard equipment thermostatic carburetor control under Blancke license.** You can make Big Money selling this wonderful proven device. Experience not necessary. Blancke plan will start you without capital in a business of your own that makes you from $250 to $2,000 a month profit. *Write for free circulars Now!*

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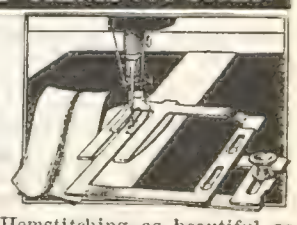

Perfect Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment—Price $1.00

Absolute money-back guarantee. Greatest invention ever known for the housewife. Fits any make of sewing machine. Easy and quick to attach. Easy to operate. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by a $275.00 machine. Send no money. Pay the postman $1.00. Keep it five days. Your money back if you are not more than pleased.

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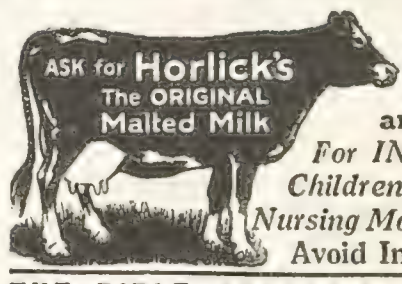

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For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Avoid Imitations

THE BIBLE READER'S COMPANION **50c**

The Bible Reader's Companion contains the Story of the Bible, How to read the Bible through in 1 year, Sixty Bible Readings, Memory Training through Scripture Memorizing, Our Lord's Parables and Miracles, and other interesting and valuable facts about the Bible. Send 50c, stamps or currency today.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, *Am. Branch*
Dept. 77, 35 West 32nd Street, New York.

Here Are the First Winners in Our Most Exciting Contest!

$1,000 A WEEK FOR TITLES

TO LIBERTY COVERS

This is a picture of the cover of next week's Liberty. Can you suggest a title for it? It's an easy one! Send in your answer on Coupon No. 7 which will appear in next week's Liberty.

Eight Big Cash Prizes Must Be Won Each Week!

Open to Every Man, Woman, Boy, and Girl

IN THE issue for June 6th Liberty began a new contest offering to pay $1,000 each week for the best titles to cover pictures, and letters giving the reader's opinion of the picture. On this page we announce the winners and winning titles for that week. Each week's cover is a separate contest. You can enter any or all of them. You can

ENTER TODAY! READ!

ON THE cover of this issue is a picture of two women circus riders, and an elderly matron, and child. The child, apparently, is saying something to the woman. Study the picture closely. You will note that it has no title. Can *you* suggest one? Liberty will pay $1,000 for the eight best suggestions for titles to this picture. Your idea may be the best! Look over the rules of this easy and entertaining contest which is open to everybody, except employees of Liberty and their families. Jot down on the coupon on this page your idea for a title; write a letter of not more than one hundred words telling why you like or dislike the cover, and mail it in. You don't have to be a subscriber to win!

Here Are the Rules

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of July 18. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

$1,000 More Next Week!

THE WINNERS!

The persons named below have been awarded the prizes set opposite their names for having submitted, in the opinion of the judges, the best titles to the cover picture which appeared on the June 6th issue, and letters telling why they did or did not like the cover. You may be able to suggest better titles to cover pictures. TRY!

FIRST PRIZE—$500—*Nocturne in A Flat.*

K. BAETTENHAUSEN, 1459 University Ave., New York, N. Y.

2nd—$250—Stealing a March on His First-Born.

J. C. REARICK, 495 Third St., Beaver, Pa.

3rd—$100—Getting Wales (Wails) from the Air (Heir).

ROBERT A. HARRIS, Box 182, Boise, Idaho.

4th—$50—He Stood for a Bawling Out.

EVERETT OWENS, 803 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colo.

5th—$25—Ohm, Sweet Ohm.

WILLIAM L. NASH, 1717 West Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.

6th—$25—Ex-statically Holding His Own.

DR. H. H. KOEHLER, 903 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

7th—$25—Interference from W-O-W!

LESTER S. COREY, 921 Union St., Manchester, N. H.

Eighth Prize—$25—Radio-Fan and Radio-Orphan.

HAROLD N. LOEB, 816 Hutchins Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Use the Coupon. You May Win One of the Eight Big Prizes!

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 6

Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of July 11th is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

(On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like or do not like this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.)

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

The Hands

A Love Story of a Gambler and a Girl Who Wouldn't Forget

IN THOSE days there was a poker room above Jo Eddington's saloon, and those of us who used to sit in did so chiefly because it was Cornelius Quirk who was in charge of the kitty. Anyway, after Cornelius left Hamilton the game languished, then died.

With the poker room accumulating dust, a young lawyer moved into town from Seven Mile and rented the place as an office. He cleaned it up and kept the shutters open. Then, partly through force of habit and partly because the new tenant was almost as interesting as Cornelius had been, the old crowd began to drift back again, and talk.

The lawyer had never seen Cornelius, but he must have learned a lot about him. Finally he moved away—became a rich and famous judge.

Then, far away from the old town and after the lapse of years, he and Cornelius met. It's often like that—a story of the great world with its beginnings in some obscure and all but forgotten Hamilton.

There's a woman in the story, too, and an element of music. Judge and gambler, a beautiful woman, music. . . .

Essentially, though, this is a story about hands.

We used to watch Cornelius' hands—and listen to them—when Cornelius himself was thinking of something else or was just plain absent-minded. His fingers would close over a stack of chips, then play the chips up and down with a tinkle of sheer, unadulterated music.

It was the same thing when he shuffled the cards. He'd split the deck—or his hands would—and spring the cards together again with a note you'd try to remember. It seemed as if he—or his hands—could get music out of anything: the rattle of a dice box, the tapping of ice in a pitcher; but always, you might say, unawares. And the reason for putting it this way is that Cornelius himself wasn't musical at all. Music jarred on him; it made him peevish. His musical sense was in his hands only; and he and his hands were, in some way, opposed to each other, almost at war.

They have a pair of hands in the Vatican Library in Rome — plaster casts made more than a thousand years ago; and they say that the originals belonged to a certain master-harper who wandered down into Italy from old Erin. The myth and tradition of those hands may have been faked; not their beauty. Just to look at them—supple, sagacious, angelic—is to hear again the music they made and to know that their music could have cured folks of the palsy or broken a woman's heart.

Cornelius' hands were like that.

So Sylvia Bonner said. And she should have known. She was to observe Cornelius' hands as much as anyone, and she'd spent several years abroad.

Sylvia was the daughter of old Jake Bonner, the county's foremost maltster. It was Jake's idea to marry Sylvia off to one of the Mulhauser boys, who had inherited the brewery where Jake had begun his career as a keg washer. And we were all inclined to feel sorry for Sylvia, in spite of her money. She was a slim, pale blonde—as pretty as the girl in a fairy tale—but with something that was silent and wistful about her. She didn't have any mother, and she'd been to so many private schools she'd never even had a regular chum.

Then, one day, there she was—walking down High Street and over the bridge, and the whole town looking on—with Cornelius Quirk at her side.

It had begun in front of the post office, where Sylvia had dropped some envelopes. Cornelius, being the only one near, had picked them up for her.

Sylvia held him. She thanked him. The postmaster saw her blush and smile. She had a request to make.

Would Mr. Quirk mind coming over to the house some time? She had something there she wanted to show him.

"Now's as good a time as any," Cornelius answered, with his gambler's nerve.

Cornelius had never heard about that stream of singers and wise men who had once flowed out of Ireland as missionaries to the rest of the world, but he looked with interest at the plaster casts Sylvia wanted him to see. They were replicas of the hands in the Vatican.

"The hands of Kilian the Harper," she told him; and she recited the legend that went with them—how Kilian had fallen in love with a vestal virgin, and, how, to punish him, the pagan Romans had cut off those wonderful hands of his.

Cornelius fondled the plaster casts. His hands did. His hands looked as the plaster images might have looked had they come to life.

"And they were doomed to return to earth again," said Sylvia, who was the girl to believe in things like that. "They were cursed."

"My hands are cursed," Cornelius told her, putting the relics back into the curio cabinet with a little shudder. "They've played tricks on me ever since I was a child," he said. "Sometimes they do what I want them to, and again it's as if they had a will of their own." He held out his hands and looked at them—they were always clean and beautifully kept—but there was no admiration in the look. "They sure have kept me poor," he said.

"Why not lift the curse?" smiled Sylvia. "You know—there's always a way—with kind deeds and useful work."

CORNELIUS came through with a confession. Work, he told her, put too much temptation in his way. It irked him, and when he was sufficiently irked about all that he could think of was how easy it would be for those hands of his to imitate a signature, or open a safe. He could open any safe—and we've seen him do it—just by the feel of the tumblers, and him making music of it while he twirled the knob. There was something else that Cornelius could do with his hands, if his hands were willing. Maybe he mentioned this, too. He had been picked up as a kid and educated, partly, by one of the world's greatest experts with the engraving tools.

But Sylvia encouraged him. She was that kind—taught in the Lutheran Sunday School and played the organ in church.

Sylvia was seated in the dark church one evening, all alone, going over some new music for next Sunday's service, when she saw the reflection of someone back of her in the little looking glass above the music rack. It was Cornelius. He had sneaked in through the side door—probably the first time he had ever been in a church in his life. She made

# of Kilian

By PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN

Pictures by HARRY TOWNSEND

him feel welcome, invited him to come up inside the railing.

"Do you like music?" she asked.

"Not so you'd notice it," he told her. He was tone deaf—couldn't tell one note from another. He said he'd never been able to make out what it was all about.

"It's melody and harmony and rhythm," she explained. "It's one of the ways men have of expressing—well, what the ocean expresses in a greater way, or the stars in a greater way still."

Cornelius watched and listened. Presently he began to be nervous. Sylvia held a chord while he showed her his hands. She saw them tremble.

"Music affects you after all, Cornelius."

"Not me," he answered; "but my hands. And laugh, if you want to, but it's as if they wanted to play."

She didn't laugh. "Then let them play, Cornelius," she told him. She slid along the bench to give him room.

His hands reached out for the keys.

He was like a man who does something in his sleep. He had the look in his face of a man who is hypnotized. His fingers had found a chord. It was a feeble chord at first, but a strange one. Then it developed into something else, and Cornelius—or his hands—began to weave a variation that turned into the beginning of a song.

"That was lovely," said Sylvia, with tears in her eyes.

It was the first of many such lessons.

ALL that Hamilton got out of this was the makings of a first-class scandal. In the Hamilton of that time everyone knew everyone else; and there was, strictly speaking, no such thing as a private affair. Sylvia and Cornelius were up for public debate. In whispers mostly. But Sylvia's father didn't whisper.

"You vait. I'll learn that dirty bum."

There was still a good deal of the keg washer about old Jake Bonner. There wasn't a man in town that wouldn't be afraid of him in a stand-up fight. Only it looked as if there wasn't going to be any stand-up fight. Cornelius had taken to packing a gun.

We waited.

Some of us were taking a snack in Jo Eddington's one night—a drizzly night and pretty late, with no one there but the faithful—when Cornelius sneaked in, and we saw that the thing had happened. He was bruised and muddy. He couldn't talk. He was on the verge of a nervous collapse.

We were feeling sorry for Cornelius. We gathered around him and did what we could. And one of the boys took Cornelius' gun away from him. There was no telling when the cops might come, and evidence was evidence. Only when Jo Eddington opened the gun we saw that it had never been fired.

"I couldn't make 'em work," said Cornelius, looking at his hands. "I tried to shoot," he said, "but my hands went back on me."

While we were still working on him old Diddely-Eye Dowd, the singer, came in with his accordion under his arm. Diddely unshipped the oil cloth cover. He began to play. We saw a change come over Cornelius. He was like a man under a spell. He went over to Diddely and took the accordion.

It was the first time that any of us had ever heard him play. It was the first time most of us had ever guessed what music might be. We weren't critics. It may have been rotten; and probably was, considering the instrument. But, somehow, we forgot all about this being Jo Eddington's saloon and a drizzly night in Hamilton. The world was young again and broad and valiant—wild young dreamers going forth alone to the conquest of pagan empires. Dowd's blind eye was shedding tears.

Eddie had shot him twice.

Then, suddenly, Cornelius had come to himself, stone sober. He looked at the accordion as if he was surprised to find it in his hands. He passed it back, and we saw that he was trembling. He left us there. Next day we learned that he was gone.

II.

THAT young lawyer who rented the former poker room had some curious theories in connection with the case.

For example, wasn't it possible that a man's hands—or his feet or the lobes of his brain—should have, so to speak, an individuality, a personality, all their own? At first such a question sounded like a joke; but the more we thought about it the more logical it seemed. Consider the heart of a man. Didn't it often play queer tricks on him? It might even stop when everything else about him was eager to go on.

We got into it deeper yet. The lawyer posed a hypothetical question. It was something like this:

Suppose that we admit—what a certain portion of the world's population has always claimed—that personalities come back to earth; that it's true what the fortune tellers say about the world being full of reincarnated Cæsars, Mark Antonies, and Cleopatras; then—admitting also that a pair of hands could have a personality of their own—couldn't we concede to them a similar and independent reincarnation?

We began to feel that we had seen and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$100 In Cash for 100 WORDS!

THE winner of Ballot No. 1 will be announced next week!

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SOMEONE must win this cash prize each week. Will it be you? All we ask is that you tell us what kind of a story you like (or do not like) to read. Look over the list in the coupon below. Do you like to read stories of love, mystery, adventure, history, the sea? Or is there a type of story you'd like to see banished from literature? We would like to have you tell us. You can mark the coupon for any sort of story you like or do not like.

This interesting contest is an added attraction to Liberty's Prize Story Contest. While the judges are selecting the story and synopsis which will be awarded the $50,000 prize, Liberty will pay $100 for the best letter of not more than one hundred words describing what sort of a story you, or some other reader, like to read.

This interesting contest is open to everyone except employees of Liberty and their families. You do not have to be a subscriber.

HERE IS HOW YOU DO IT

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the contests as you want to. We hope you will enter all of them. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, July 18.

You can use the ballot below, or, in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

Another $100 Next Week!

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY
BALLOT No. 5

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NAME .....

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(Issue of July 11)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

touched and heard the hands of Kilian the Harper. Perhaps we were wondering if, after all, Sylvia Bonner wasn't that Roman vestal come back to earth.

The lawyer was seeing quite a good deal of Sylvia those days following the disappearance of Cornelius. He was even taking on quite a bit of legal work from old man Bonner.

But for all that, Jake hadn't abandoned his idea of marrying Sylvia to one of the Mulhauser boys. This time, though, he was up against a will as strong as his own—Sylvia's—and Sylvia had decided, apparently, that if she couldn't marry Cornelius Quirk she wouldn't marry anyone.

The Mulhauser boys stopped calling. The lawyer went East. And finally old Jake died, leaving Sylvia his fortune and a father's curse. Sylvia gave the money to the Orphans' Home and sort of dropped out of sight.

The last we heard of her for a long time was that she was a clerk in Washington. It was a job that had been procured for her by our rich and powerful judge.

WE'LL call him Judge Daniel. He had become too big a man for his own name to be used—outside of Hamilton. In Hamilton they were still talking of how the judge never did get over his love for Sylvia and that that is why he never married.

Those who had seen Sylvia in Washington said she was as beautiful as ever—blonde and slender still, with an eternal hint about her of banked fires.

We were feeling sorry for Sylvia again, especially after Jo Eddington came home from his California trip and told us about the Judge's winter home, where he had been a guest: like an old Mexican ranch house, but up to the minute—swimming pool, kennels, a fifty-thousand-dollar pipe organ. The Judge always had been a friend of dogs—and musicians.

It may have been this musical slant of his that kept him so steadily on the trail of Cornelius Quirk.

There for a while, it seemed, Cornelius had gone pretty steadily from bad to worse and never had quite come back again. We heard about it when he was wanted for killing a man on a Mississippi packet. They said he had shot another gambler through the back, but most of us refused to believe this, knowing what we did about his encounter with Jake Bonner. For all that, there was an indictment found against him, and it was this indictment that had eventually driven Cornelius across the border into Mexico.

He was down there, in Ti' Juana, running a shoddy little dice game in Mahogany Trench's big resort, when a party of distinguished sight-seers dropped in one day. Cornelius paid no attention to the visitors until he heard a strange voice calling him by name.

"Pardon me; but aren't you Mr. Cornelius Quirk?"

He raised his eyes for a slant, but kept the game going like well-oiled machinery. He had never seen the man before—American, distinguished, soberly dressed.

"What can I do for you?" Cornelius asked.

"I am Judge Daniel," said the stranger, "and I should like to speak to you in private."

Judge Daniel and Cornelius had dinner together that night at the Foreign Club. Possibly the Judge was testing Cornelius out before going too far. Cornelius looked all right—poor, but as clean as ever; and the climate had taken care of his health. But the Judge was too old a bird to be taken in by appearances only. He had an inquiring mind. When he recrossed the border, late that night, Cornelius went with him.

"The first time—the first time I've dared to do this," said Cornelius, "in a dozen years."

"You mean on account of that old indictment?" said the Judge. "That's been quashed. You never killed a man."

"I never did," Cornelius replied. "But I couldn't prove it, and days in jail are long."

The road was dark. They were in the Judge's big car, headed north. The air seemed sweeter every mile.

"Why didn't you let her know?" the Judge was asking him.

"I wasn't good enough," Cornelius answered. "I wanted her to forget."

"There are women who won't forget."

"For a time it was just that," Cornelius said, "that I was counting on."

HE told the story of a losing fight. For almost a year after leaving Hamilton he had tried one thing after another—real estate salesman, shipping clerk, book agent, even to washing cars in a service station. But against this last sort of work his hands revolted with a kind of paralysis.

"So, at last," he told the Judge, "I got to thinking of that old trade of mine."

"Gambling?"

Cornelius shook his head. He needed money and he couldn't get it fast enough by gambling, for every time he wanted to pull a crooked deal his hands would go back on him. No, it wasn't gambling.

"You mean——"

"Engraving," Cornelius nodded. "A call for some new currency down in Ecuador. I'd almost finished a perfect plate—fifty pesos. I'd been at it for twenty-four hours straight. I dozed. When I

woke up the plate was scratched. My hands had done it while I slept."

"Counterfeiting," said the Judge.

"Counterfeiting," said Cornelius. "That was to help the old man who taught me the trade. But now he's dead. I'm free. I was about ready to make a try at something—music, maybe. We change. I've had queer dreams. Could you imagine a man's own hands making him afraid of them?"

"I might," said the Judge.

"There've been times," Cornelius explained, "when I woke up in the dark and found them reaching for my throat."

III.

THEY were seated together one evening in the Judge's office—a small room that opened off the concert room—and they had been talking about Cornelius' future and things in general. Some of the Judge's friends, it seemed, had financed a factory for the making of musical instruments somewhere farther up the State and they needed a man there with hands like Cornelius'—or Kilian's—and Cornelius was going to take the job.

"We're none of us so good," the Judge was saying; "just earth, mostly, with a touch of the divine—a fleck of gold in the quartz. But we're alchemists, Cornelius—or the Sylvias of the world are alchemists. They can take that fleck of gold and make it grow—grow, until with patience and—and——"

"Luck," said Cornelius.

"Not luck, but love, Cornelius," the Judge came back. "And Sylvia loves you. She's loved you all the time. I didn't want to tell you—I couldn't tell you—until I was pretty sure. And when I was sure I was to give you this."

He went over to the safe beyond his desk and opened it. He brought back an oblong box that was rather heavy, sealed and carefully wrapped. He turned this over to Cornelius.

They were the hands of Kilian.

Cornelius took them from their tissue paper wrappings, and his face was white. He must have been thinking of that first day that he and Sylvia Bonner had ever talked to each other. He saw that there was a card in the box. He picked this up and read:

To CORNELIUS QUIRK

THIS SYMBOL FROM HIS FRIEND
SYLVIA BONNER

Symbol of what?—of what else than all the things that he and the Judge had been talking about?—the spirit of a man and the love of a woman!

Cornelius touched the hands of Kilian to his face. Then he set them carefully down. He was like a man who has come under a spell. He got up. He walked from the office into the concert room, which was like the chapel of a California mission. He climbed to the bench of the big new organ and turned on the air pressure as one who knows all about such things. He wasn't hurried. He wasn't nervous. He sat there for a while and listened to the hum and the throb of the thing. The organ was like something alive and breathing but captive, waiting for the touch that would set it free.

The Judge had a brilliant young niece who was staying with him in the house. She had studied music in Boston and Paris. She had crept into the concert room at the first sound of the organ.

"Like Saint-Saëns," she breathed.

Cornelius was a changed man when he returned to Ti' Juana. He had come, as he said, to settle up his estate—say good-by to his old associates, pay off a few small debts. And almost the first thing that he heard was that Mahogany Trench, the gambling boss, was looking for him and wanted to see him right away. So he went around back of the Yankee Doodle Bar to the secret door he knew about and climbed the hidden stairs to the room where the big boss transacted most of his private business.

"You've got a nice place here, Mr. Trench," said Cornelius by way of getting the business started—and over with.

"Yeh," said Mahogany, with his eyes on the floor. He was a big man, cold and thoughtful. "I got a little job for you."

"Thanks," Cornelius came back. "I've already got one—straight—over the border."

"This is over the border, too," Mahogany replied, taking his time. "I want you to open a safe."

Cornelius kept still. There was no use rushing things.

Mahogany's secretary came in—an ex-heavyweight with a crooked record.

"Eddie, here, will go with you," the gambling boss went on. "He'll do the heavy. All you'll have to do is to twist the knob. It's the matter of some papers that would be better off in my keeping than in the hands of him that's got them."

"Who's that?" Cornelius asked. Not that it mattered very much. He was stalling. But Mahogany's answer made him pant:

"The man you've been visiting, Judge Daniel."

FOR the first time since the talk began, Trench was looking at him out of the corners of his eyes. Eddie also was looking at him—with his sleeves rolled up and his fists on his knees.

After a while Cornelius spoke. "The Judge is a friend of mine."

Mahogany played his words like blue chips in a game of stud. "So was I."

He didn't have to say much more than that. Once, not so very long ago, in exchange for a favor that Trench had done him, Cornelius had given a promise that if the big boss ever needed him this side of murder—you know how it is. Cornelius never was a welsher, and Mahogany knew it.

"Go and get us an absinthe special," Trench told his secretary, and Eddie padded out. "He's no gerver," the boss went on, meaning that Eddie was no safeblower, "or I wouldn't have bothered you. But you and he are the only ones I can trust."

"Are you sure that you can trust me?" Cornelius asked.

The boss studied the situation for a long time before answering. He was also giving Cornelius time to think.

"Well, I'll tell you, Cornelius," he said at last. "Once I've told you what it's all about I'll trust you all the way. These papers we want may send a certain lady friend of mine over the road for life. I happen to know she's innocent. But I can't prove it. Neither can she. It's going to save me a lot of grief, and her—and you, and your friend, the Judge."

"Suppose I went to the Judge and explained," Cornelius began.

And got no farther. A feeling in the back of his neck told him that Eddie had returned and was standing there just back of him. There was another angle. Whom would Mahogany send out to get the papers if he, Cornelius, refused? He thought of some of the human rats he had seen since coming to Ti' Juana. He thought of the Judge and the Judge's niece.

It wasn't that Cornelius was afraid for himself. As a matter of fact, the thing that he was least afraid of just then was a crack over the head that would have ended it all. He was trying to get things straight in his mind—that's all.

The fear didn't get to him until late that night—almost dawn—when he and Eddie were on the last leg of their trip to the big house back beyond San Diego. The sky was full of stars, and every star was Sylvia.

He watched Eddie, the ex-heavyweight, open a window of the concert room, where all was easy. It was like breaking into a church. Then Eddie waved Cornelius through. It may have meant nothing in particular, but it was Eddie only who was armed. They were just inside the window when they both stopped short to listen, and Eddie drew his gun. They both had heard it—something that wasn't quite right. It was like a very faint sigh, a rustling breath, so long and soft that they almost stifled themselves waiting to hear it again.

Eddie raised his gun. There was no doubt about it. There was a breathing over there. But Cornelius signaled him to remain quiet and went ahead to investigate. He was eager merely to finish this game he had started out to play—open the safe where the Judge had kept the hands, then get away. He could call for a fresh deal afterward. There should be no murder. And suddenly he could explain the sound that he and Eddie had heard. It came from the organ. Someone—most likely the Judge's niece—had been playing and had left the air pressure on. The control was on the far side from where he stood, and he reached for it, groping a little. He was hurt—feeling again that the organ was a thing alive, a friend of his, waiting for the touch that would set it free. And then, without warning, he found himself enveloped in thunder.

His hands had done it. They had asserted themselves. They were clamped to the keys, wringing out a chord that shook the house.

FOR a long time Cornelius hovered between life and death there in a pleasant room where the Judge himself had carried him. Eddie had shot him twice, both bullets grooving the skull. But Cornelius was gradually coming from under. He had the best of help. Sylvia Bonner was there to nurse him.

About the first thing that Cornelius did, though, as soon as he was strong enough to whisper, was to send Sylvia out of the room and to call for the Judge. He had another confession to make. He came through clean.

The Judge gave him a kind look.

"I'm glad you told me, Cornelius," he said. He had known all about it. The federal officers had nabbed Eddie on the road to the border, and Eddie had told all he knew.

"And Mahogany Trench?" Cornelius asked.

"Gone," said the Judge. Forever, it developed.

A week or so later, just able to walk, Cornelius got Sylvia to help him down to the organ. He had a queer feeling that he had died and had been born again into a new but familiar personality. His white hands kissed the keys and brought such medicine out of them as would make him—and the old world—well.

"Hereafter," he said, "they'll be my guide—old Kilian the Harper, his hands—and you."

The Judge was leaving for the East, so he married them—the Harper and the Vestal—and left them in charge of the house.

THE END

Madame JUDAS

An Exciting Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By

Margaret Turnbull

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

Who's Who *in the* Seventh Installment

ANDREW DICKERSON, *attorney, is defending*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania, who is being tried on the charge of having killed his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *with arsenic. Doctor Eliot's supposed motive was love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *the charming but mysterious Connecticut woman whom Doctor Fairlie had married not long before his death. Laura's efforts to have Doctor Eliot punished are opposed by*

EVE HAMILTON, *a wealthy, charming orphan. Eve, believing in Doctor Eliot's innocence, asks*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted reporter, to investigate Laura's past, hoping to discredit the testimony which*

TOM JERNAY, *district attorney, obtains from Laura. Laura implies that Doctor Eliot prepared all medicines given Doctor Fairlie for a supposed attack of ptomaine poisoning and that Doctor Fairlie loved Eve. Jernay next calls*

HILDA SWENSON, *a servant in the Fairlie home. Hilda surprises everyone by testifying that*

LUIS RAMON, *a Spanish chauffeur whom Doctor Fairlie had hired shortly before his death, and who cannot now be found, had given Doctor Fairlie "white medicine" in brandy. She adds that Mrs. Fairlie, when offered a bromide by Doctor Eliot, had smashed the bottle, and that Ramon had buried the fragments, together with Mrs. Fairlie's cat, which had died mysteriously. That evening Eliot's friends, including*

BILL DAVIS, *an architect, meet at Eve's for dinner. They discuss Laura's anxiety to have Eve remove a picture bequeathed her by Doctor Fairlie. The party ends when*

SAM SANDS, *Doctor Fairlie's former chauffeur, is brought in with a fractured skull, apparently as the result of foul play. Next morning Dickerson, using hints given by Juliet, forces Laura to admit that she had a police record in Connecticut and to corroborate Hilda's story about Ramon. Laura insists, however, that Ramon gave the medicine "on Doctor Eliot's orders." That evening Juliet, at a dance she requested Eve to give, asks Davis to help her lead a "Paul Jones," and under cover of it to get*

PHIL RINTOUL, *a handsome ne'er-do-well who resembles a "tired Greek god," to join her and Davis on a secret motor trip.*

The garage door was slowly closing, and he thought he caught a glimpse of a human face.

AS THE Jazz Four paused for an intermission Juliet made her way, with her proposition that a Paul Jones be the next number, to a group of enthusiasts, who saw at once the opportunity it gave for petting parties.

Andrew Dickerson, maneuvering his way toward Eve, managed to say to her, "You'll give me this dance, Miss Hamilton?"

Eve elevated her eyebrows. "It smacks of a command."

"It does," Andrew agreed. "It is next door but one to an order. I want to see you, as we agreed, about the case, and the mere fact that you are giving a party is not to interfere. It seemed to me that this would be an excellent opportunity to——"

"Juliet probably planned this Paul Jones for us," Eve said reluctantly, "and when we pass the library door we can drop out of line."

The band began to play and Andrew thought how melancholy modern dance music was unless one was dancing.

Then he forgot how the music affected him, for Eve Hamilton's hand was resting lightly on his shoulder, and they were part of the rhythmic chain that wound along the stepping stones leading to the fountain and the pool.

Some of the chain gang began to sing softly the ridiculous words to the ridiculous tune, and they danced about the fountain and then headed for the tennis courts. The band had followed to the terrace and was standing there, playing its loudest. The dancing figures swung back and forth, following big Bill Davis and tiny Juliet as leaders, until at last they found themselves skirting the brook that divided the Hamilton grounds and following gayly over the little arched stone bridge and back into the garden again.

In the soft gloom there were little cries of "My slipper!" "Oh, I can't see!" "Careful, now!" and then a subdued murmur, a giggle, a sly laugh, as the couples one by one either strayed or lost themselves in the gloom. There

were gay callings and laughter and silent retreats, and finally what was left of the chain danced slowly back toward the house.

"Now," said Andrew, as they neared the library door.

Eve laughed. "No need for caution. Look!"

Of all the merry party that had started dancing from the house they were the only two to return.

Eve opened the door and clicked on the lights. Gay laughter and shouts came from the garden and, as the band began playing again, on the terrace appeared first one and then another of the missing couples. They were greeted with jeers and insinuations as they returned.

Mildred Rintoul, wife of the tired Greek god, appeared at the inner door of the library, looking about her.

"Seen Phil anywhere, Eve?"

"No. Is he missing?"

"Yes, and he wasn't in the Paul Jones. I was smoking with him on the terrace when he went off with Bill Davis. Know where Bill is?"

"Isn't he on the terrace?"

Mildred Rintoul shook her head. She was quite white. She had kept Phil sober for three weeks by sheer hard work, straining every nerve to keep him amused. It meant a lot to her. If she could keep him sober for a month it might mean the beginning of a new life for both of them.

"We've got to find him," Eve announced. "Suppose you prospect among the motors, while Mrs. Rintoul and I look through the house."

Annoyed, and wondering why the man could not look after himself, Andrew went out to where the motor cars stood parked beneath the horse-chestnut trees.

Just five minutes before, Juliet and Bill Davis had gone the same way and found Bill's car parked there, with Phil Rintoul sitting in it, empty bottles beside him, and Phil himself, drunk as an owl and fast asleep.

"No use," Bill had said after he had tried to rouse him. "He's gone."

Juliet said nothing. She stood there, frowning, and thinking rapidly.

"Sorry," Bill began again. "I should have known better, but he didn't sound pickled when I spoke to him."

"Can't be helped," Juliet remarked as she climbed in, took the wheel, and carefully adjusted the drunken head on her shoulder. "Climb in on the back seat, Bill, and lay low unless I need you."

With a quick twist of the capable small hands, she brought the car out into the drive and headed it for the King's Road.

II.

THE old King's Road, between Hamilton House and Elmgrove Place, where Laura Fairlie lived, was very dark. There were no electric lights save the one in front of the Hamilton House entrance and the one in front of Elmgrove Place which illuminated the doctor's sign.

"This part of the road is called 'Lover's Lane' by the villagers," Bill Davis told Juliet. "You can see——"

"Don't talk," Juliet said crisply. "Your voice might be recognized. I brought you along merely as a witness, and for protection, if I need it." She grinned back at Bill and straightway began to sing. Not low, but gayly and loudly with just the suggestion of too much champagne in both voice and song, and between bursts of song she talked to her companion, who still rested, utterly lost to the world, against her slender shoulder.

Bill, who had slid from the seat to the floor of the car, so as to be unseen, could not help smiling at the clever way in which she was dramatizing the whole situation, and using, not only himself, but whatever fate threw in her way to accomplish her ends. What these ends were he could not guess.

"Oh, I say, Phil, hold up! It's not fair to me," she complained loudly to the sleeper beside her. "I don't know this place at all, and you promised to stay sober enough to get me out of—— Oh, come, Phil! Don't be a total loss so early in the evening."

Then to Bill's amazement she gave the car a quick turn which shot it up the Fairlie driveway, protesting loudly and calling upon Phil to come to his senses and help her find the way to Hamilton House and the party.

Elmgrove Place was dark. There were no lights in any of the reception rooms, though upstairs, where Bill supposed Mrs. Fairlie had her headquarters, there was at first a pale glimmer of light, which went out as they neared the house.

Suddenly: "Watch the garage!" Juliet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Free Test

Of the tooth paste my experts make me use

By Edna Wallace Hopper

In every beauty factor I am guided by the greatest experts I can find. So thousands of women have asked me to tell them what tooth paste I use. And how I gained and kept to my age the pretty teeth I show.

You would not do what I did if I told you. I used several kinds of tooth pastes, cleansers and polishers. I used an antiseptic mouth wash, also iodine for the gums. Twice a day I used magnesia, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. I used breath purifiers.

That meant much time and trouble, but it paid. Dentists tell me teeth like mine are rarities—glistening, sound and healthy at my age.

Now all combined

Last year four great organizations of experts combined to create an ideal type of tooth paste. It was designed to do all these things at once, with a single application.

It contains 16 ingredients. There are cleansers and polishers of the highest order. There are four antiseptics, to combat the germs which breed by millions in the mouth. There is iodine for the gums.

There are magnesia and other antacids, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. They are supremely important. And there are deodorants to insure a sweeter, purer breath.

My advisers tell me that this new-type tooth paste gives me all a dozen products gave me heretofore.

Called Quindent

This new-type tooth paste is called Quindent, meaning five in one. It is made by Quindent Laboratories. All druggists now supply it.

My experts advised me to use it, and to use nothing else. And, after long use, I advise it to all. I cannot conceive of anyone using an old-type tooth paste when they learn what Quindent means.

The makers of Quindent supply me samples. I gladly mail one to anyone who asks. It is, beyond question, the tooth paste we must all adopt. We who seek beautiful teeth. Mail this coupon for a sample and my Beauty Book will come with it. It will bring you new conceptions of what a dentifrice should do.

Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, Q14L
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Mail me a test of Quindent.

.....

.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

hissed rather than whispered. "Don't say anything now, but watch it."

Then she began again her loud expostulations to the unheeding Phil.

The car swung perilously near the garage. For a moment Bill, peering out, feared they would crash into it. Then, as Juliet swung the car cleverly around and away from danger, he saw, by the light of the car's own lamps, that the garage door, which had been partly open, was slowly closing, and he thought he caught a glimpse of a human face.

It remained dark even when Juliet, in a loud voice, complained that she was headed for Miss Hamilton's and how "dead to the world" her companion was. All her calls for help and direction remained unanswered. There was neither sound nor movement from the garage or from the house.

FINALLY, after cleverly counterfeiting all the terrible backings and stops that the inexperienced driver of a powerful motor executes in an endeavor to make a turning, Juliet, who had kept up a running fire of comment on the darkness of the night, the awkwardness of her situation, and the unutterable tiresomeness of her escort, turned the car and went flying down the driveway again toward the highroad and Hamilton House.

Only when they were well clear of Elmgrove Place did Juliet speak.

"Bill, what did you notice about the garage?"

"That the door was partly open though it was dark," Bill told her, "and, what's more, it was being shut slowly as you turned. And I thought I got a glimpse of a face."

"Good egg!" Juliet told him appreciatively. "For that I'll tell you something. There was a light, until we turned up the drive."

Bill whistled. "I don't understand. Mrs. Fairlie told me she had no one to drive for her and was keeping her cars at the Willett's Bridge Garage."

"Odd!" Juliet commented, and reached for the cigarette Bill was holding out to her. "Light it, Bill. She's supposed to have only maids in the house now, isn't she?"

"Yes," Bill said, "or so mother heard."

"Well, our party worked. Put her off guard!" And Juliet turned the car into the Hamilton House entrance. "So much to the good tonight, and tomorrow night I'll want you and Eve. We'll have to give Andrew the slip, so stand by and help."

As she came toward the house Juliet shouted: "Andrew Dickerson!"

She stopped the car. "Another minute," Juliet began, indignantly, "and I'd have mowed you down!"

"Why worry," Andrew asked her, "as long as you didn't? I will probably live to make you regret your lost opportunity. Is—Mr. Rintoul with you?"

"Well, he's here," Juliet admitted. "It would be too much to say that he was with me."

"Ah!" Andrew said. "Help him out, Bill, and we'll put him in his own car. Mrs. Rintoul wants to take him home."

Bill Davis picked up the tired Greek god in his strong arms and called out cheerfully:

"Don't need any help, Dickerson. If you'll see that Mrs. Rintoul is told."

"I'll get her here," Juliet volunteered, "and without any fuss."

She found her in the library with Eve, white-lipped but outwardly serene.

"Your husband is waiting in your own car—to go home," Juliet told her. "He's done up. I found him in Bill's car."

"Quite all right," Mildred Rintoul told her easily, and made her excuses to Eve, who watched her through the doorway, sighed, and turned to see Juliet smiling mockingly at a group of guests.

"Fooled!" she told them lightly. "We've been here all the time, with the Rintouls. Pity you just straggled back. Looks bad."

There was a chorus of indignation and unbelief.

"Believe it or not, Andy and Bill are seeing the Phil Rintouls to their car. There it goes! Let's gamble, while Andy and Eve settle some trial business. They'll join us as soon as it's finished."

She led them all away, with a reassuring nod at Eve.

III.

EVE turned back into the library, irritated and restless. Not for years had she had anyone so interfere with her life as this man Dickerson. Brilliant lawyer he might be, but the man was insufferable with his air of controlling the situation—and her.

Andrew Dickerson stood at the desk, thoughtfully fingering the Minerva head which guarded the secret panel. His attitude served to crystallize Eve's rebellious frame of mind.

"Please don't!" She was dumfounded to hear her own voice, heavy with irritation, and yet she continued. "Surely you are not going to drag the secret panel and my letters into this case."

Andrew swung about and stared at her. "If they have any bearing on the case, be assured I will. Have they?"

Eve shook her head. "I'm sure I don't know of any——"

"Whose letters are they—Dr. Charlie's?"

Eve flushed slowly, painfully, and then grew very white. "I do not know who wrote them; but I do know no one else shall read them."

"Anonymous?"

Eve inclined her head, not trusting herself to speak for a moment. Then she said in a hard voice:

"They are love letters. They have come twice a year, every year of my life, since I was sixteen. They were not written by Charlie, Gilbert, or Bill, I am sure, but that is all I know. The writer I do not, I may never know."

She paused, and Andrew waited. Eve sighed, then said firmly:

"No one else shall read them. I'll burn them first and take the consequences."

Andrew Dickerson moved away from the desk. "Do they mean—so much to you?"

"So much," Eve admitted, and waited.

"THEN rest easy—they shan't be read in court." He smiled at her, but Eve was not in the mood for smiling.

"Is there really any need for this session? Couldn't it all be arranged and talked over tomorrow morning quietly and to much better advantage?"

"No," Dickerson declared, as he put down a match without striking it, and looked at her keenly. "I'm sorry if you are tired, Miss Hamilton, but there will be no time tomorrow morning. I have other things to do, even more important," he added with finality.

Eve shrugged her shoulders, sank into the easy chair he had placed for her, and waited.

"Charming," Andrew Dickerson told her, "as is the picture you make, I'm afraid I cannot spend much time looking at it. I must be about my business, and I want what you have to tell me with the least possible delay."

"I am not on the witness stand yet," Eve answered stubbornly.

"No, and, by God, I won't put you there tomorrow, until I know just what I am up against," Andrew Dickerson flamed at her.

Eve drew back as though she had been struck. Never in her life had anyone said such a thing, in such a tone, to her.

She moved quickly toward the inner door, but Andrew Dickerson was quicker. "Come back. You've too much at stake to risk going."

Eve stiffened. "Your pose of the dominant male—grows tiresome."

"Not half as tiresome as this ridiculous quarrel about nothing that is blocking my path as a lawyer. Come to your senses, girl! Do you, or do you not, want to save Gilbert Eliot? He is no friend of mine. He is only a client, and a rather trying one at that, yet I am willing to give patience, and brain work that never can be covered by any fee, no matter how large, to see that justice is done him. I even stand your temper—for him. Surely you should be willing to do as much, no matter how you dislike me."

Very surely now, Eve saw

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

The Great Out-Doors

When the back-to-nature urge gets into your blood—

And you pack up the good old gun and fishing tackle for a season in the great out-doors—

Be sure to include a goodly supply of 3-in-One Oil to keep the whole outfit working smoothly and free from rust and tarnish.

ON GUNS—3-in-One keeps all firearms sure firing and shooting true.

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3-in-One

The High Quality Outing Oil

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Give your leather boots and puttees a 3-in-One rub occasionally to keep them soft, pliable and waterproof.

There are many other "out-of-doors" uses for 3-in-One—on oar-locks, to cure the squeaks—on golf clubs, to prevent rust on the metal, to polish the shafts, to keep the leather handles soft—on golf balls to keep dirt from sticking and spoiling your puts—on steel tennis racquets, to prevent rust.

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McK

"WHEN I passed the clump of cedars, I felt a hand steal out of the blackness and grasp me."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

where she had placed herself—and him. It was an impossible situation, and she had to thank herself for it.

"Since the trial is not yet over," Andrew said smoothly, "suppose we declare a 'truce of God' and, regarding me now only as the attorney for the defense, suppose you unburden your mind. Did you hear Mrs. Fairlie say to Gilbert Eliot what Hilda said she did?"

"Yes. I did not believe it for a moment, and following as it did the lady's equally uncalled for attack upon my character, of which she gave only a garbled version in her testimony, I thought less of it, and was careful not to repeat it."

"WHAT did Mrs. Fairlie say to you besides the insinuation, which was probably true, that Doctor Fairlie called your name in his sleep?"

Eve flushed. "Must I repeat her abominable slanders?"

"Please. I must be prepared to defend you from a public repetition of them."

Eve again flushed darkly. "She said—she said she would show Willett's Bridge what I really was, and insinuated that I had been in love with Doctor Fairlie—Charlie's father."

"Why did she say it?"

"I don t know. I felt she had something to hide, and wanted to put me—in such a position that I would be afraid to do anything to hurt her."

"How much truth was there in the insinuation?"

Eve looked at him, her head high.

"Come, Miss Hamilton, remember I am on your side, but I must know how much we have to fight in order to choose my weapons."

"This much—that Doctor Fairlie, Charlie's father, was too fond of me. I was only a girl about sixteen or seventeen, and he was a very handsome man, younger than his age, my father's nearest friend. At first I didn't understand; but he—completely lost his head one night, and then I knew. I never told."

"Damned old fool!" growled Andrew Dickerson. "I used to watch him strutting round for all the world like a cock-pheasant——"

"Mr. Dickerson! You knew him?"

"Yes, I knew him," and Andrew Dickerson looked at her, frowning. He saw clearly that the episode had made a profound impression. It was Doctor Fairlie, Sr., who had kept Eve from marrying. Andrew diagnosed that instantly. With his suave, practiced manner, he had made every gesture, every preliminary move, in the love game repellent to her. She had shrunk from it, and especially in Charlie's case.

They looked at each other, a long look, sympathetic, more friendly than ever before; curious, but not prying; the healthy curiosity in one another that goes a long way toward cementing friendship, stimulating love.

Andrew glanced at his watch, and said. "Remember anything else that might influence me in thinking over the case?"

Eve, looking up at him, blushed deeply. Andrew regarded her quizzically. "I can't think what I've said——" he began.

"Mr. Dickerson," Eve said, impulsively, "have I got to tell you something that will make me the laughing-stock of the county if it is used in the courtroom?"

"Out with it! Out with anything that makes you blush—that way."

"Have you ever been kissed in the dark?"

Andrew Dickerson roared with laughter. Eve stood by helplessly.

"That's a leading question," he said when he had recovered himself. "I refuse to answer."

But he burst out again into a roar of laughter.

Eve grew angry. Her cheeks were flaming. She could stand it no longer.

"You see how it affects you. Once allow it to be said in the courtroom that twice in one evening Eve Hamilton was kissed by a strange man in the dark, and you'll have quite the best joke of the season."

That sobered Andrew Dickerson. "Come, Miss Hamilton, unless it's actually necessary, I'll do anything I can to keep the kissing as dark as its original scene. It was your ques-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

tion that made me laugh—not the fact."

"I know it sounded foolish," she said hotly, still offended. "Of course you've been kissed, or kissed someone else, in the dark, and so have I, but we both knew who it was we went into the dark with. This time I didn't, *and I don't know yet.* Laugh again, if you like."

He did not laugh. He looked at her, waiting.

Eve hesitated. "Hadn't we better go out on the terrace? The gamblers can at least see me then, and I will not seem quite so neglectful a hostess, and I can show you the lay of the land."

She did not add that the semi-darkness would veil her embarrassment, but Andrew credited her with the thought. They stepped through the long window, and Eve turned her face toward Elmgrove Place.

SAVE for the light streaming from the windows, which all opened on this terrace, it was very dark. The moon had gone, there were no stars, and the blackness seemed suddenly dense.

"You can't see Elmgrove Place," Eve murmured, "but you know where it is," and she lifted a slender, lovely arm to point.

Andrew Dickerson nodded. "Yes, I know, and I also know that it is a pretty black road—that part between here and Elmgrove Place."

"Yes," Eve agreed. "On a dark night it is pitchy black, and the fields above the road make it seem darker. That's why it got its village name—'Lovers' Lane.'"

They walked to the other end of the long terrace, and Eve began:

"It was as dark as it is tonight—the night Charlie was taken ill. I had been worried about him for some time, and that night I started to walk over to Elmgrove Place after dinner. It wasn't very late, not quite nine o'clock, and it is not far, but it was very black.

"When I passed the clump of cedars, half way down toward Elmgrove Place, I felt a hand steal out of the blackness and grasp me. With incredible swiftness an arm went around my neck and shoulders and pulled me into the dark of the cedars. It was so black that I had not seen the man waiting there in the shadows.

"I gave an involuntary exclamation. You could hardly call it a scream, for I expected to be released as soon as the fellow saw his mistake, and it would be inaccurate to say that I was really frightened. I was more annoyed than anything else. . . . I tried to pull back and away, but whatever I tried to say was stopped by a man's mouth against mine——"

The girl shivered a little as she said it.

"I was simply beside myself with anger, and I struggled as hard

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just Why The
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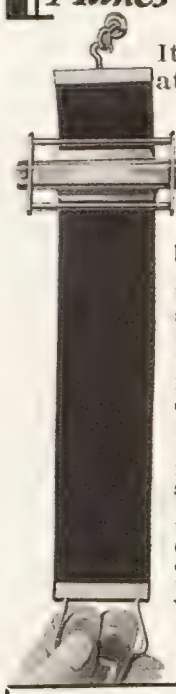

It holds the blade—any blade at all—at the scientific angle to produce the smoothest, keenest cutting edge possible. It makes one old blade good for 300 shaves. A razor blade must always be kept like new in order to shave perfectly. When you shave you take that super-keen edge off your blade and it is no longer like new—and won't be *unless you strop it.* The Ingersoll stropper puts that highly sensitive, super-keen edge back on your blade, making it ready for the next shave. This invention, which Mr. Robert H. Ingersoll of watch fame has recently put on the market, is so simple a child can operate it. There is nothing like it anywhere. Stop wasting money on blades right now.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

as I could and managed to break his hold. I think I struck him and called him 'Brute!' because as I wrenched myself free his hands caught and held me.

"He wrapped my cape about my head and shoulders so that I could see nothing, and pushed me violently, so that I slipped. When I extricated myself from the cape and looked about me, there was no one in sight. The man was utterly gone.

"I could hear and see no one. Nor could I see anyone moving across the dark fields on either side of the road. Except for the fact that my cape was on the ground where it had fallen in my struggle to unwrap myself—and that—that kiss still stung my lips, I would have been sure it had never happened; that I had dreamed it all.

"I—I felt outraged that such a thing could happen in my own village—to me. Why, I know almost everyone in this little town, and I could have sworn none of them, drunk or sober, would touch me; also none of them would have failed to know me—or my voice.

"I remembered that a gang of foreigners had been working at clearing out an old quarry up the river, and I came to the conclusion, as I walked along, that it must have been one of them.

"But I didn't turn back, as I suppose any reasonable female would have. I went on to Doctor Charlie's house, and on my way I made up my mind that I would say nothing about the incident there. You couldn't trust Laura Fairlie with a thing like that.

"WHEN I got to the door, or, rather, when I reached the entrance gate, I saw a man standing on the steps polishing the globe of the lamp that illuminated the doctor's sign. It was Luis Ramon, the doctor's chauffeur, and though I'd never liked him, I was glad to see him then."

"Luis Ramon! What was he like, Miss Hamilton, and why did you dislike him?"

Eve turned a puzzled face toward him. "Luis Ramon! But of course you've seen him!"

Andrew Dickerson shook his head. "Never to my knowledge. I've only been in Hillsboro a few months. I don't think I've been in Willett's Bridge at all, until I came to see you."

"Luis Ramon came a month or so before Charlie died. He's a tall man, slender, and—yes, handsome, a Spaniard, and about thirty. I never liked him. I didn't stop to analyze why, except that he was the cause of nice old Sam Sands losing his job, and—well, he always looked insolent."

"Insolent?"

"NOT what he said, or did. It was his eyes. They had a way of making you aware of him, whether you wanted to be or not."

"H'mm." Andrew was wondering whether that was everybody's impression, or only this girl's. "What did Luis Ramon say to you when you got to the door?"

"He simply opened the outer door for me, and remarked that it was a very dark night, and he was anxious about the doctor. He was more respectful than usual. Then he disappeared toward the rear of the house—toward the garage—and Hilda Swenson opened the inner door."

She paused, and Andrew Dickerson waited for a moment.

"Were you afterward able to trace—that man?"

"No."

"That was the beginning and end of that experience?"

"I don't know."

Andrew Dickerson impatiently threw away the match he was lighting, and then lit another. "Tell me just what you mean, Miss Hamilton. I'm fed up with mysteries."

"But this *is* a mystery," Eve explained, turning her great troubled eyes toward him. "That is why I was not anxious to tell you, because I simply can't explain it. All my theories fail. You see, while that incident ended apparently then, there was something that followed it—that same night."

The eighth installment, in next week's issue, will reveal a second, even more mysterious, incident of that night. And meantime hideous scandal thrusts its tentacles more and more strongly toward Eve Hamilton.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

He Had to Smoke Glass

For several days before the much-advertised eclipse was seen, Jack had been hearing of plans for "smoking glass" in order to view this wonder of nature easily. On the morning it was to take place I was sitting down and enjoying the morning's first smoke when the youngster came up to me and said:

"Harold, don't smoke that cigarette, you're supposed to smoke glass today."—H. B. R., Ridgewood, N. J.

He Wanted the Whole Box

"Mother, may I have a piece of candy?"

"No, Buddy, not until you've washed your hands; but if you wash your face, too, I'll give you two pieces."

Buddy was gone about thirty minutes. When he again appeared, his mother asked him where he had been.

"Mother, I've taken a bath," said Buddy. "Do I get the whole box?"—L. D., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Awards will be made as follows: Winner of the first prize receives $1000 in cash and a four weeks' engagement in a Pathéserial (within a short time after announcement of prize winners) at $100 a week! Second prize is $750 cash; 3rd prize $500; 4th prize $250; 5th prize $100; next 2 prizes $50 each; next 8 prizes $25 each; next 10 prizes $10 each! Tying contestants each get full amount of prize tied for.

Snapshots—*if clear*—are acceptable. Contest open to women and girls only, who are not now acting on the stage or in motion pictures. Name and address, printed plainly, must appear on back of photo and at the top of letter. Pathé reserves right to publish photos submitted.

Mail photo and letter early enough to reach our office ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 15, 1925. Address it to "Beauty Contest Editor" at Pathe Exchange, address below.

This is the last time you will be told about this remarkable opportunity. Do not delay, do not hesitate. Send in your photograph NOW!

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Measuring Your Mind

Sixth of a Series of Easy Tests to Help You Estimate Your Brain Power

How fast can your mind think? Here is a test the New York State Police are given two minutes to do. They call it their "nut" test . . . Perhaps you'll agree with them when you have finished it. Be sure your watch is running in good form. Two minutes and no more. Time out for laughing. If you finish this quiz according to schedule you may be assured that your mind is on the job. Here goes.

WITH a pencil make a dot over any of these letters: F, G, H, and a comma after the longest of these words: Boy mother, girl. Then, if Christmas comes in March, make a cross here . . . but, if not, pass along and tell where the sun rises east

If you believe that Edison discovered America, cross out what you just wrote, but if it was someone else, put in a number to complete this sentence: 3

"A horse has . 4 . feet."

Write "yes," no matter whether China is in Africa or not, and then give a wrong answer to this question: yes

"How many days are there in a week?" .7. .

Write any letter except G just after this comma, .H. . and then write "No" if two times five are ten. .NO.

Now, if Tuesday comes after Monday, make two crosses here .XX. but, if not, make a circle here . . . or else a square here . . .

Be sure to make three crosses between these two boys' names. George .X.X. Henry. Notice these two numbers: three, five. If iron is heavier than water, write the larger number here . . . but if iron is lighter write the smaller number here. . . .

Show by a cross when the nights are longer: In summer .X. . or in winter. . . .

Give the correct answer to this question: "Does water run uphill?" .NO. and repeat your answer here .NO.

Do nothing here (5x7 is . . .) unless you skipped the preceding question, but write the first letter of your first name and the last letter of your last name at the end of this line. A . . . . . .

Did you finish in two minutes? It will be easy for you to go over the test and check up on your answers. There will be another intriguing quiz in next week's Liberty. Watch for it!

Something *NEW* for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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Address **Whole Grain Wheat Co., 1846 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Chic Summer Clothes *for* WORK *or* PLAY

By Mary Brush Williams

BATHING suit with boy's collar and tie. This model is in foulard of an orange background checkered with dark blue squares.

A DRESS of spotted linen, with background of white and figures in lavender. The puffed cuffs of organdie are very transparent, as is the tie. The waistline and skirt are high.

A WOMAN surprised me the other day by asking if I had my vacation clothes yet! I was about to answer that I hadn't even my vacation. Then I thought, what has that got to do with her question? Of course, you have vacation clothes, even if you spend a hot, plodding summer at the typewriter or doing your housework in the city.

But the question led me to the reflection that nowadays many of us dress as if for a vacation pretty much all the time.

If we were getting up something extra special, I should think we could do worse than to select from these offerings which have the very atmosphere of the holidays about them, and yet, a little haunting note of autumn, too. The same as a swelling always comes with the mumps and a breaking out with the measles, so those little transparent cuffs are the first symptoms of the bolero jacket coming in again.

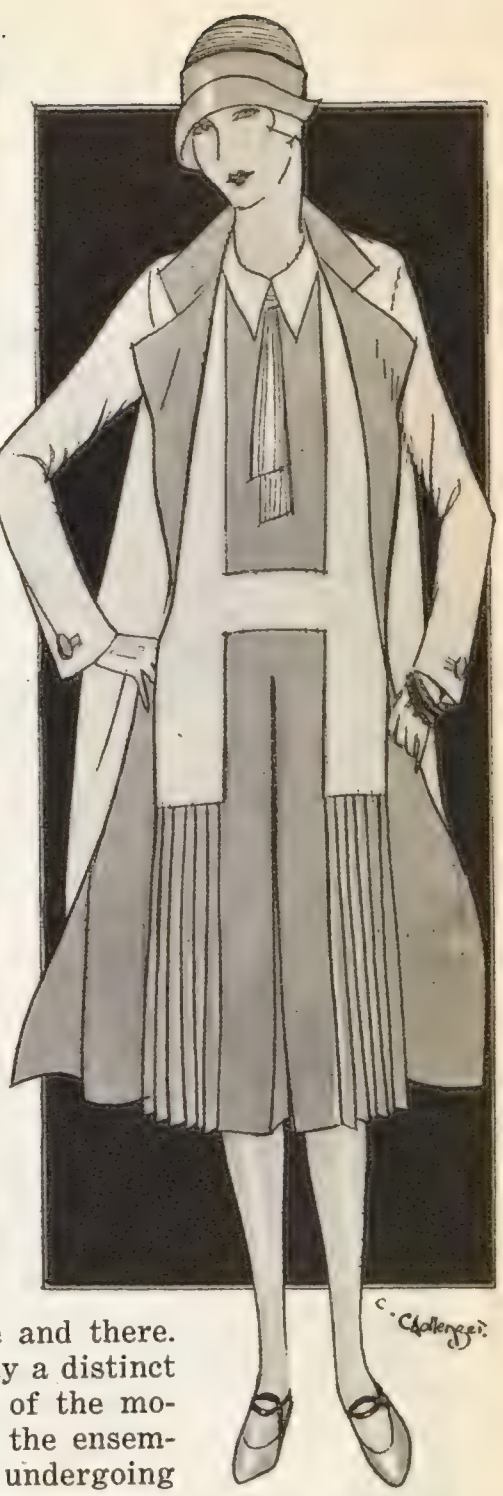
To understand what I am writing about, please direct your attention to the creation above. When I get back to Paris in a few weeks, I am going to look this manifestation up historically, but you can be sure some Louis or other wore it once upon a time. Anyway, in the present holiday costume, note that the waistline accompanying these cuffs is almost normal, and that it is not tightly drawn in. The belt lies loosely round it, giving the preliminary shadow of a bolero effect to come, perhaps in weeks, perhaps not for months.

The sleeves and the tie are of lavender organdy and the dress is of spotted linen. See the little high, side pocket with the handkerchief sticking its tongue out at the world.

As for the note of autumn in these holiday costumes, let us examine the ensemble below. That shoulder line is scarcely the peasant's, for his falls lower, and almost calls for sleeves which shall be fulled in. This armhole is just below the normal; that is to say, it drops off the shoulder, and would adapt itself nicely to that padding which often comes in men's highly tailored things, especially if they are produced in England.

Now the French seem to have made an enormous hit with themselves when they introduced that masculine look into their day clothes. As a consequence, rather square, flat, padded shoulders will almost surely be good for a long run. If you choose this costume for your holiday wardrobe, you can lift it over into late autumn with a little judicious dyeing and padding here and there.

COAT of white kasha lined with green crepe de Chine, which can be worn as a separate wrap as well as a part of the present ensemble. Sometimes the decorations around the bottom are of leather.



COSTUME entirely of flannel, except collar and tie, which are of linen. The coat is of white flannel, lined with pink flannel, and can be used with another dress for sports. The dress has the rather high, boy's collar that is fashionable.

I should say a distinct fashion note of the moment is that the ensemble effect is undergoing a modification that makes it not necessarily ensemble at all any more. The various parts can be worn in conjunction with other selections from one's wardrobe as effectually as if worn together. The coat of this offering can be used with anything else, and so can the dress underneath. Only the skirt of the latter is made from the same green crepe de Chine that is used for the coat lining. The blouse is white. Certainly the wrap could be worn with any get-up from sports clothes to informal evening dresses. Revers have suffered a total eclipse lately, and here they are replaced by a scarf.

The costume illustrated above is all of flannel, which material seems to be getting smarter each day. The dress is in one piece, with the new neckline which is scarcely anything more than a boy's collar set off with a jabot or tie.

The dress, which would appear to be designed round a capital H, is in one piece, the letter and, indeed, all of the bodice being of white flannel, and the skirt of pink. That crossbeam bridging the parallel lines of the H is set in to represent a belt, and you see it makes a fairly high waistline. The coat is reversible, the pink flannel serving usually for the lining, and the white for the outside part. Please observe the masculine note in the imitation cuff links at the wrists.

The same boy's collar on this dress is adaptable to bathing suits, as you will see by the illustration on this page. Sometimes the neckline is higher in other bathing suits than in the one shown here. Indeed, many of them have the turtle neck, accompanied by long sleeves—as it is not the thing now to have your arms peel from sunburn and a capital V burnt into your neck.

Two in 'Classified,' Two Unclassified

CAPTIONS by ALVA TAYLOR

E. R. Richee photo.

Edwin Bower Hesser photo.

Henry Waxman photo.

Woodbury photo.

PARAMOUNT'S NEW BEAUTY, Kathryn Hill (above), with her star just rising in the movie sky, will have a part in The Wanderer, a forthcoming production.

FIRST NATIONAL is producing Edna Ferber's story, Classified, and has happily cast Corinne Griffith (oval, right) in the coveted role of leading lady.

THE fortunate gentleman chosen to play opposite Miss Griffith in Classified is Jack Mulhall (circle, upper right), who for quite a while was leading man for Norma Talmadge.

STILL ANOTHER newcomer to the screen is Dorothy Sebastian (lower right), who once was in George White's Scandals. Winds of Chance, a First National picture, may make her a star.

A Page of Movie Reviews by Alva Taylor

Irene Rich, the wife, and Huntley Gordon, the husband, in a scene from *My Wife and I.*

Rex and Lady, who, with a human supporting cast, furnish the thrills in *Black Cyclone.*

Luke Cosgrove as the fussy old man, and Lois Wilson, the daughter-in-law, in *Welcome Home.*

MY WIFE AND I

From the Novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Directed by M. Webb — Warner Brothers Picture

THE CAST:

Mrs. Stuart Borden.....Irene Rich
Mr. Stuart Borden.....Huntley Gordon
Stuart Borden, Jr.....John Harron
Spencer Hobart.....John Roche
Betty Allen.....Constance Bennett

MRS. STUART BORDEN got up each morning and did a daily dozen or so in white sweater and bloomers. Mr. Stuart Borden each morning buried his head in the pillows so that he wouldn't hear the phonograph accompaniment to his wife's calisthenics, took headache tablets each morning before his coffee, and refused to go to a gymnasium because he thought he was too busy.

Stuart Borden, Jr., found plenty of time to spend his father's money on Betty Allen, a gold digger of the first rank.

Mr. Borden, Sr., decided one day to put a stop to this. He told sonny just what kind of woman this girl must be, and he told the shops that they need not extend further credit to Stuart Borden, Jr. Thus a certain fur coat had to be returned, since it would not be paid for.

One day Mr. Borden, Sr., met, at luncheon, a charming young lady who, with an enticing smile, gave him a headache tablet. Not long after that a certain fur coat was once more ordered from the shop.

Thus does Huntley Gordon, who is the " I " part of the title, once more have the role of the wandering husband. He goes back to his wife in the usual way: through jealousy. For another man seems to be in love with his wife. John Roche, specialist in villain parts, furnishes this complication.

Irene Rich, in this picture, gives another of her excellent characterizations as the wife. Constance Bennett is the alluring young creature who has in her clutches first the son, then the father. But heavy dramatics at the end of this entertaining film, on a stormy, rainy night, put the domestic affairs of My Wife and I all shipshape.

BLACK CYCLONE

Story and Picture by Hal Roach

Released by Pathe

THE CAST:

The Horses:	The People:
Rex	*Guinn Williams*
Lady	*Kathleen Collins*
The Killer	*Christian Frank*

BLACK CYCLONE is the best wild horse picture I have ever seen. And it is one of the best movies of any category that I have sat through in some time. No one who likes horses should miss it. The human actors in the picture are entirely subordinated to the horses.

It's a thrilling sight, the battles between the two horses and the two men, side by side, while female horse and human being stand by, awaiting the victory of their males. When the wild horse Rex sees the man whom he trusts and admires because the man saved him from sinking in the quicksand, vanquish his enemy, he is inspired to do likewise, and for the first time the hoofed Killer, terror of the equine herds, must put his tail between his legs, and slink away, beaten.

It isn't the love story of the man and the girl, and the villainous interference of the " bad man " which will move and thrill you. But it is the love of the wild black horse Rex for the wild white mare of the plains, and the evil influence of the Killer, which will hold your interest. You will be absorbed from the very beginning of the story, where Rex, a colt, is left to shift for himself when his mother is killed by a rattlesnake, until the happy ending, when he has saved Lady from the menacing wolves and the terrible Killer.

There's action all the time in this picture. There are dramatic fights between horse and horse, horse and wolves, horse and mountain lion.

Right straight through, the photography is interesting. The background is the rugged barrenness of the Bad Lands where the wild horses run in herds. The horse Rex is a marvelous animal, fascinating to watch. Black Cyclone is a film to be seen by all horse lovers, and all movie-goers who like the best there is in pictures.

WELCOME HOME

From the Play by Edna Ferber and G. S. Kaufman

Directed by James Cruze — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Old Man Prouty.....Luke Cosgrove
Fred Prouty.....Warner Baxter
Nettie Prouty.....Lois Wilson
Jim Corey.....Ben Hendricks
Lil Corey.....Margaret Morrie

THE young Proutys had only two bedrooms in their small flat—the only kind they could afford. But when young Prouty's father came to live with them because his income was only five hundred dollars a year, they had the maid sleep at her cousin's, and gave the room to the old man.

But he was so lovable that even though his ways were often annoying, one couldn't be angry with him. Not even when he brought in his pals from the Old Men's Home the day the club met at Mrs. Prouty's, and untidied the house and ate all the sandwiches. But it was the last straw for Nettie Prouty when her father-in-law insulted the most important woman in the club, and the club ladies adjourned in high dudgeon. Then Nettie told her husband that either his father or she would have to leave the house.

Meanwhile Papa Prouty had been calling at the Old Men's Home across the street, where all the granddads had a great time playing pinochle and could throw papers on the floor if they felt like it. It wasn't a charity institution, because each man paid his five hundred dollars a year and was independent. But Old Man Prouty was afraid that his son and daughter would be heartbroken if he left them, and so he decided to sacrifice the joys of the Old Men's Home. But at the end of the picture the Welcome Home sign of the Old Men's Home greets him.

This is a " homey " picture, well directed, and full of real life.

NEXT WEEK: ANY WOMAN *and* OLD HOME WEEK, *filmed by Paramount, and* THE PRICE OF PLEASURE, *by Universal.*

Frozen Desserts *for* Hot Days

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

FROZEN desserts furnish a more delightful finale to the meal than any other type of sweet. They are at once palatable, healthful, and refreshing—a real treat in the hot weather menu. Ices, sherbets, frappes, parfaits, and ice creams in various flavors all lend themselves to a wide variety of attractive dessert services.

Nor is such a service necessarily costly either in time or money. Frozen desserts are very simple. Sherbets and ices are quite inexpensive, but when molded or served in an attractive glass service, they have every appearance of elaborate extravagance.

The pleasing velvety texture of a frozen mixture depends upon the percentage of fat contained, the presence of a filler, the rate of turning the freezer, and the proportion of ice to salt in the freezer. A low fat percentage produces an ice cream of pleasing flavor but of a decidedly granular texture. A "filled" ice cream, or one to which cornstarch, egg, or gelatin has been added, is more velvety. A rapidly churned cream is smooth but slow to freeze. A high proportion of salt in the freezer means a rapid freezing and a resulting coarse texture.

For a quick preparation the ice must be very finely crushed. This exposes as much surface as possible to the salt, which melts the ice. The ice in melting takes up heat from the mixture to be frozen. Hence the more salt used the more rapid the melting, the quicker the freezing, and, therefore, the coarser the product. The proportions of ice and salt for freezing to obtain the proper texture are as follows: Two parts ice to one part salt for frappe and punch; three parts ice to one part salt for all mixtures to be frozen with stirring; four parts ice to one part salt for packing, to allow the ripening process; one part ice to one part salt for mixtures to be frozen without stirring. Ice cream should freeze in fifteen to twenty minutes; water ices in twelve to fourteen minutes; sherbet, frappe, and punch in nine to ten minutes.

If an ice is to be molded, just before it is frozen stiff, dip the mold in cold water, drain, line with heavy waxed paper only if its shape is plain, pack the frozen mixture well into the mold with a wooden spoon or spatula until the mold is level full. Cover the filled mold with waxed paper to extend beyond each edge at least one inch. Cover the filled mold tightly and bury for ripening in a four-to-one mixture of ice and salt. To serve, wipe the mold carefully, remove the cover, loosen with a spatula around the edge, and invert on a chilled serving plate.

Frozen desserts are very simple, but when served in an attractive glass service, they have every appearance of elaborate extravagance.

A wooden mallet and canvas bag form the right equipment for crushing ice. The wooden mallet pulverizes ice, rather than merely breaking it.

The kitchen which boasts a set of molds is equipped to turn out elaborate desserts easily. Waxed paper under the cover protects the contents.

Plain Ice Cream

2 cups cream
⅜ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

SCALDING the cream before using will give a greater body and finer grain to the ice cream. Dissolve the sugar in the cream and freeze as per general directions, using one part of salt to three parts of ice. Eighteen, twenty-five, or thirty-two per cent cream may be used. The higher the percentage of fat in the cream the richer, yellower, fluffier, and less apt to melt is the resulting ice cream. Fillers or binders, as they are sometimes called, added to ice cream have much the same effect. This recipe gives one and one-half pints to one quart of ice cream, depending upon the richness of the cream.

Plain Filled Ice Cream

1 cup milk
1 cup cream (25%)
1 teaspoon cornstarch
⅜ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

MIX the cornstarch with the sugar, add the hot milk and boil five minutes. Cool, add the cream and vanilla and freeze.

New York Custard Ice Cream

1 cup cream
½ cup milk, scalded
1 egg yolk
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg yolk and add the scalded milk and sugar. Stir and cook over water until thickened. Add the cream and vanilla and freeze. This also is one of the filled ice creams. Being part milk, they are much cheaper to make and, though not as rich in flavor, are nevertheless very nutritious.

Gelatin Ice Cream

1 cup milk, heated
1 cup cream
2 teaspoons gelatin
⅜ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon cold water

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water, then dissolve it and the sugar in the hot milk, add the cream and vanilla and freeze.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM may be made by increasing the sugar of any of these given recipes to one-half cup and adding one ounce of chocolate melted by cooking in one-third cup boiling water.

FRUITED ICE CREAM may be made by increasing the sugar to one-half cup and adding one-half cup fruit juice to the chilled milk and cream mixture before freezing. Or, by opening the freezer when the mixture is half frozen and adding one-third to one-half cup of sliced or crushed fruit. Repack and freeze again until firm.

Fruit Ice (One Quart)

3 cups water
1½ cups sugar
Fruit juice or fruit pulp as follows: 1½ cups stewed apricots; 3 bananas, 3 oranges, 3 lemons; 1½ cups blackberry juice plus ⅓ cup lemon juice; ¾ cup lemon juice; 2 cups orange juice plus 2 tablespoons grated orange rind plus ¼ cup lemon juice; 2 cups grated pineapple plus 6 tablespoons lemon juice.

MAKE a sirup of the sugar and water by boiling them together ten minutes. Cool. Add the fruit juices and pulp. Pack in a one to three salt and ice mixture and freeze.

Parfait

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
3 egg whites, beaten
1 pint cream, whipped
1 tablespoon vanilla, almond, orange, or lemon

BOIL the sugar and water about five minutes or until it threads. Pour onto the stiffly beaten whites, stirring constantly. Fold in the whipped cream and vanilla. Pack in a one to one mixture of ice and salt and let stand four hours.

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